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MAY 26, 1978

SS-CHAMBERS:
HE FINAL CHAPTER?
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NATIONAL REVIEW

Hunting Down the FBI

KEVIN LYNCH · RICHARD BROOKHISER

John Updike on Federal Aid to the Humanities

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: FRANCIS RUSSELL ON THE CAPE COD ALERT ♦
M. J. SOBRAN JR. REVIEWS [illegible] K
SNEPP ♦ PLUS ERIK v. I [illegible] K

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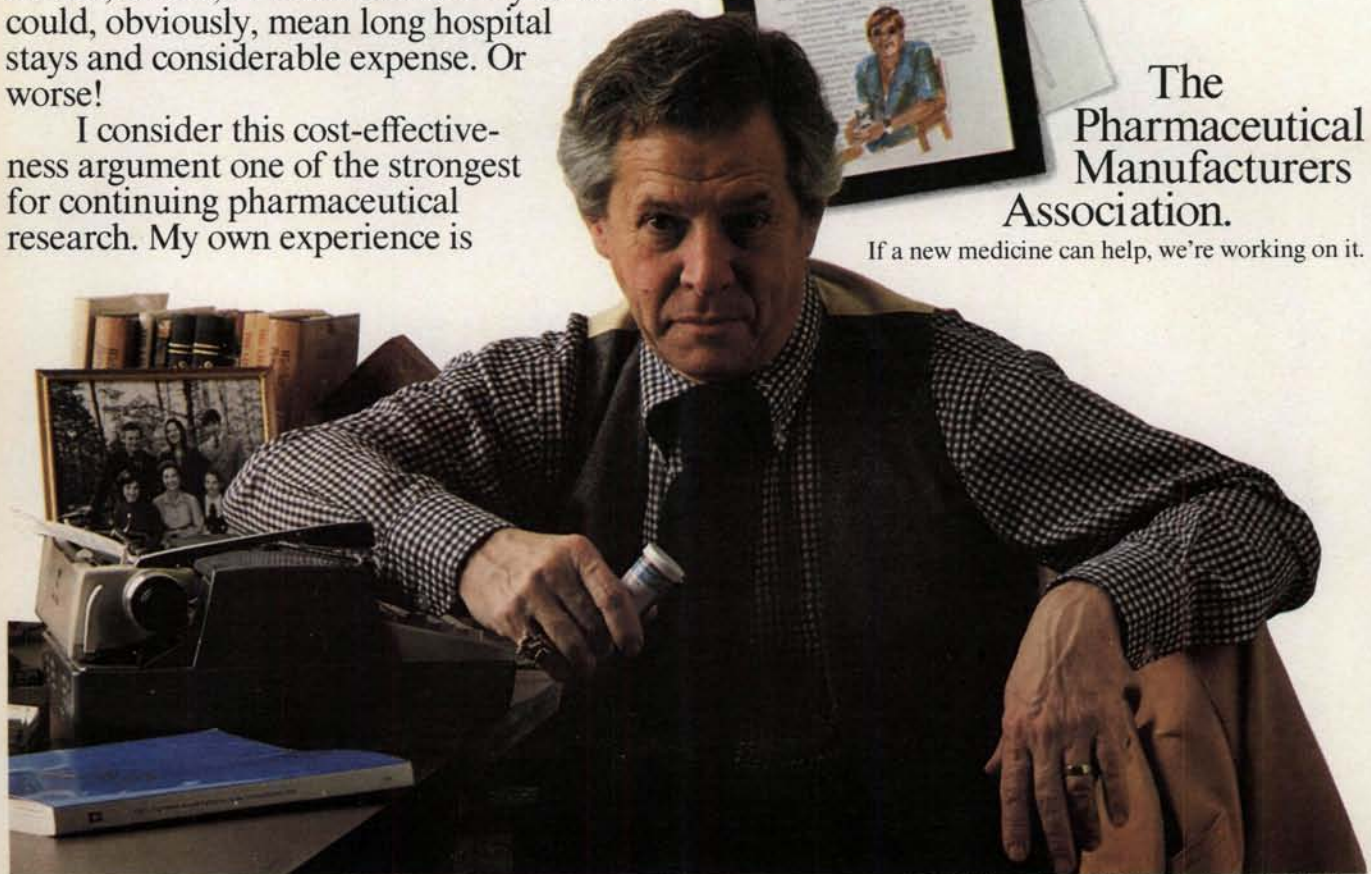

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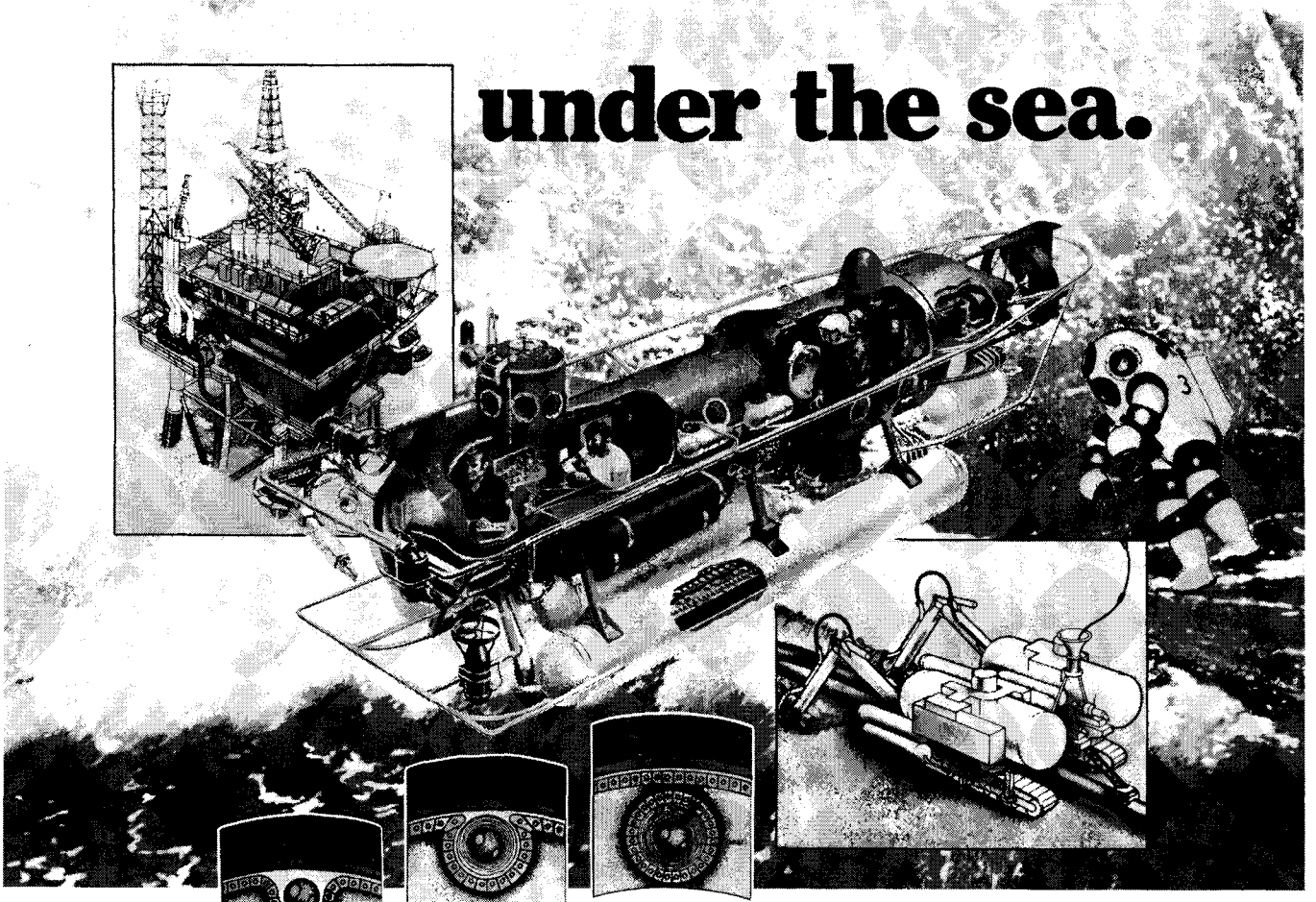

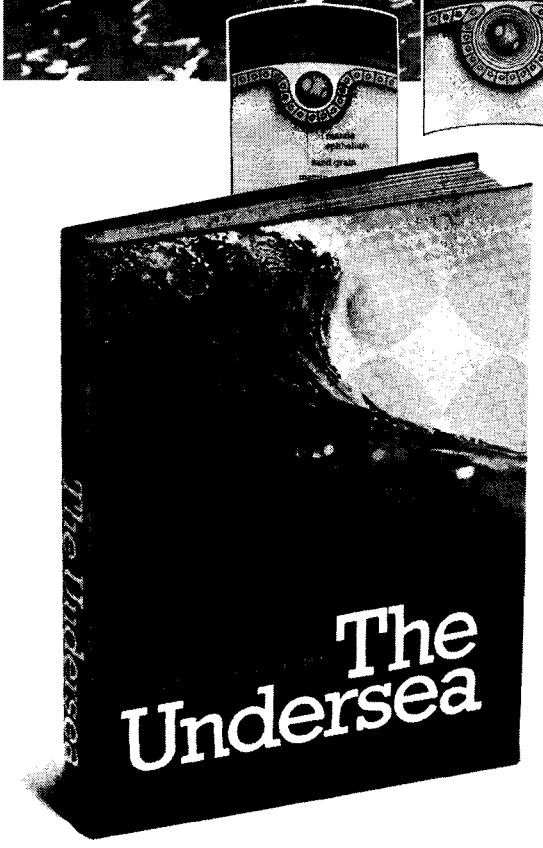

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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VOL. XXX, No. 21
ISSN: 0028-0038

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except for one issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc., 1978. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: *$34.00 a year ($19.00 for the 48-page issues, and $15.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.*

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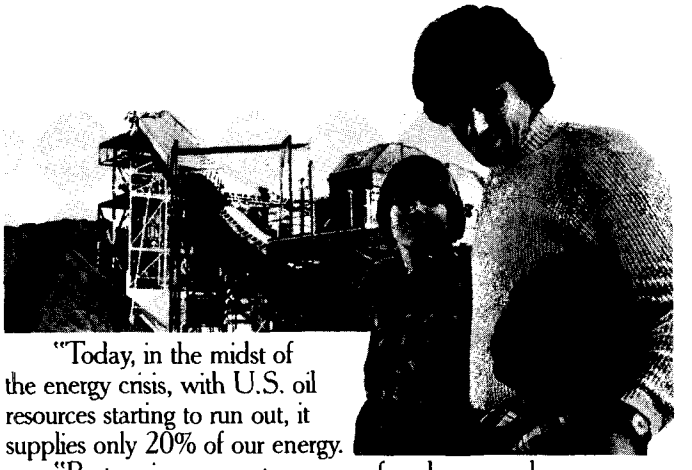

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Letters

Common Knowledge

Hadley Arkes has brilliantly marshaled the points of law relevant to the Chicago Nazis ["Marching through Skokie: An Analysis," May 12], and has effectively shot down the idea, which has been circulated here and there, that the widespread concern over Skokie is due solely to a sort of hysteria on the part of influential Jews.

However, there is another, more disquieting point to be made here: How can a society remain free and open unless there is a consensus among nearly the entire population as to what are the limits to permissible speech and action? There are some things that are very nearly impossible to debate rationalistically; but in the past that didn't trouble us much, because everyone *knew* what the law and tradition meant, and most people did not try to push too hard against the limits to permissible speech. Those who did were punished, and that was that.

And most of us still are both able and willing to apply common sense to the meanings of words and symbolic actions: Mr. Arkes gave an excellent example of this, in his little test on what George Romney meant by calling Charles Percy an "opportunist." And yet, our courts would have us put blinkers on, as they have put them on themselves, and pretend that words and actions have no connotations, only denotations. Mr. Arkes takes issue with the courts on this point, but he does so by arguing that we all *know* what constitutes threatening behavior. And so we do. But we are helpless until our courts admit that they know too.

Washington, D.C. STANLEY HILLSBOROUGH

African Nettle

I find James Burnham's analysis of the African problem ["The Black Continent," April 28] a troubling piece, as he no doubt meant it to be. I am somewhat skeptical of the theory that Africa belongs to the Africans, and that the U.S. can best protect its interests there by relying on businessmen to pursue their economic activity while Russia builds up its military installations. I am particularly troubled by his cavalier attitude toward whites who, in southern Africa at least, can no longer be regarded as colonists, but are looking for permanent "homelands."

As regards Rhodesia, I can say from first-hand observation that I have found the whites there neither "forlorn" nor, as things are going, "politically doomed" (cf. my "American-Rhodesian Perspective," *NR*, April 14), provided that the U.S. would summon the courage and the decency to do two things: a) cease our own long standing *aggression* against Rhodesia by the immediate lifting of economic sanctions which never should have been imposed in the first place; and b) make clear to the world that we will have no truck with terrorists and those who harbor them (Zambia, Mozambique, and Tanzania) since such terrorism is in clear defiance of international law—and, come to think of it, in defiance of the United Nations Charter itself.

Such civilized action by the U.S., as Mr. Burnham implies and as Secretary Vance never tires of telling us, might (and the emphasis is on *might*) invite retaliatory moves by the Soviet Union and its Cuban henchmen. But I would have thought that for Mr. Burnham, at least, this would present a real opportunity for a showdown with the Lords of the Kremlin. By reducing grain and high technology sales to Russia, for instance. By hardening our present position in debilitating disarmament talks. By, maybe, deploying some Marines, and beefing up our Cuban base at Guantanamo Harbor, thereby bringing Castro's bazooka-men scurrying home to Havana. Such a display of fortitude will, of course, not appeal to Mr. Vance or to Jimmy Carter. But for Mr. Burnham to pass it up in the case of Rhodesia, and to throw in for good measure his bet on the eventual overthrow of the government in South Africa—well, this does seem a bit strange, if not strained.

Or, are we to believe that, in deference to historical determinism, the "Protracted Conflict" in which Mr. Burnham has fought so hard is really over? And, if so, for what *values* was it ever undertaken in the first place?

Middletown, N.J. JOHN A. DAVENPORT

Other Tongues

With reference to the undecipherable word in Geoffrey Wagner's article "Volapük in Manhattan" [April 28,] I submit to GOMBALAJ the translation: "Gone below."

Lexington, Ky. R. M. LONGYEAR

Although Geoffrey Wagner's "Volapük in Manhattan" was very amusing, I was disturbed by what struck me as a logical and moral confusion in it.

In making his argument, Mr. Wagner writes about two groups of people as if the examples were interchangeable: illiterate college students and immigrants who have not completely learned our language. Granted that it can be annoying when a sign in the elevator of your apartment building is written in an English

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"How I beat the banks — at their own game."

By MARK SKOUSEN

My name is Mark Skousen. Like you, I've dealt with banks all my life. And, like you, whenever I needed a loan, it seemed as though the banks held all the cards.

"The banks never give the average guy a break," I used to say.

Then, about three years ago, things started to change—dramatically. I discovered that increased competition among banks had opened up *dozens* of opportunities for borrowing and making money—on amazingly favorable terms. I learned how to *beat* the banks—at their own game. *And you can, too!*

Today, I'm on the highroad to financial success. Using the banking and credit secrets I discovered, I can now borrow $25,000 anytime I please. I earn high returns on my savings, which I can withdraw at any time *by check*. I own a sports car and a sedan free and clear. I live in an $80,000 home, and I have the time and means to travel several times a year.

How did I do it? With a little investigating—and some creative thinking. I talked with bank officials. I read banking literature—*between the lines*. Slowly but surely, I began picking up the "tricks of the trade" which had previously been known only to banking insiders.

Then one day, I discovered the most powerful idea in consumer banking history: *An unlimited source of overnight capital at favorable interest rates!* I call it *"The Perfect Loan."*

How To Raise $25,000 Overnight

I became aware of this new financial opportunity when a friend of mine told me how he got out of some financial troubles. He told me about a brand new source of personal loans—and how he had been able to borrow tens of thousands of dollars from banks *without* revealing the purpose of the loans and *without* putting up any collateral. He didn't have to use the money right away—he could let it sit in the bank. And he didn't have to pay any interest until he actually used it. When he finally needed it, the money was there waiting for him.

This I had to see for myself. To my surprise, my friend was absolutely right. I found that I too could borrow thousands of dollars overnight, even though I had only an average income. But that was only the beginning. *I found that this was the world's easiest and best way to raise money!*

First of all, I could qualify for these instant, unsecured loans without ever

sitting down with a loan officer. Everything could be done by mail!

Second, I could use the money for any purpose I saw fit. I could use the loan for a down payment on a house, to start a new business, to buy a color TV, or to purchase stocks. It was completely up to me.

Third, the interest I paid was much less than what I would pay using my credit cards. And with some conservative techniques, I found that I was able to reduce the interest charges to less than 10%—not bad for a personal loan.

Fourth, I discovered, much to my surprise, that I was able to borrow this money *indefinitely!* It was completely up to me how much I wanted to pay back. By following the insider's techniques I developed, I could postpone repayment of the loan for months without any problems from the bank. In fact, it gave the appearance that I was a better credit risk!

Yes, things have worked out very well for me. But one day I thought, "All this is too good to keep to myself. Why not share my knowledge with others?" And so I've written a book that tells everything I've learned. It's called THE 1978 INSIDER'S BANKING & CREDIT ALMANAC.

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- How to get *free* life insurance . . . even if you're normally *uninsurable!*
- How to conduct your financial affairs without a U.S. checking account (for those who seek complete privacy from government snooping).
- A Visa center that *pays you* 1% of the total purchases you make using the card.
- How to postpone bankruptcy forever.
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- How to get free travelers checks, free money orders, and free notary service.
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For 35 years, he was part of the decision-making process at the highest levels of military and government circles. Every president from Truman to Ford used his talents as interpreter, negotiator, troubleshooter, and intelligence agent. He entered Rome with Mark Clark, sat with Truman and MacArthur at Wake Island, accompanied the Nixons on their ill-fated South American tour, was involved in the secret arrangements leading to the Vietnam peace talks in Paris, and became part of the Watergate controversy while serving as Deputy Director of the CIA. He is Lt. General Vernon Walters, who now reveals perhaps his greatest talent of all—as a storyteller.

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SILENT MISSIONS

VERNON A. WALTERS

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sprinkled with misspelled words and Slavic syntax (although, for my part, I must say that I find it more linguistically interesting than annoying). Granted too that those who work with sensitive machinery must be able to comprehend written instructions. Still there is a great difference, practical and moral, between the efforts of a refugee to master a foreign tongue and the tolerance within an *academic* community of flagrant illiteracy. The former has presumably been a problem as long as there has been more than one language; the latter has become widespread only since we deluded ourselves into thinking that everyone has the inclination or the need to be a scholar.

New York, N.Y. MAIRE O'BRIEN

From the Campuses

Jeffrey Hart's article entitled "New Directions: Catholics and Jews" [April 28] captured my attention, particularly when he lamented that the traditional Catholic universities (Fordham, et al.) are not likely to produce a substantial number of FBI personnel within the foreseeable future. Insofar as I am aspiring to become both a theologian and an FBI agent (I am currently employed in a clerical capacity with the FBI, and am engaged in a Master's program in theology at Fordham), I felt compelled to write a response to this article.

I take Mr. Hart to mean that the aforementioned universities, and specifically the theology departments within them, were not generating an academic milieu wherein clear, honest, and true values can be instilled in the student body. I fully agree with the theory behind this; an "historic compromise" resulting in the transmogrification of Catholic theology by leftist-Marxist "ratiocination" would indeed be catastrophic, especially in the dialectic's implicit negation of man as a spiritual being, in its assertion that universal man qua universal man is always becoming but never is.

However, I wish to assert that, in my experience at Fordham University, the study of theology has been taken with a maturity of reflection which would, I'm sure, please Mr. Hart. As far as "swinging theologians and half-demented nuns" are concerned, I have not encountered persons belonging to either of these categories at Fordham.

East Northport, N.Y. THOMAS D. HUGHES

As a member of the "younger and more socially secure" Catholic generation whom Professor Hart predicts will someday move "sharply to the right," I would like to offer some comments on my peers' future.

The major crisis in the Catholic Church of America is neither the popularity of contraceptives nor a liberal takeover of the hierarchy; it is a widespread loss of

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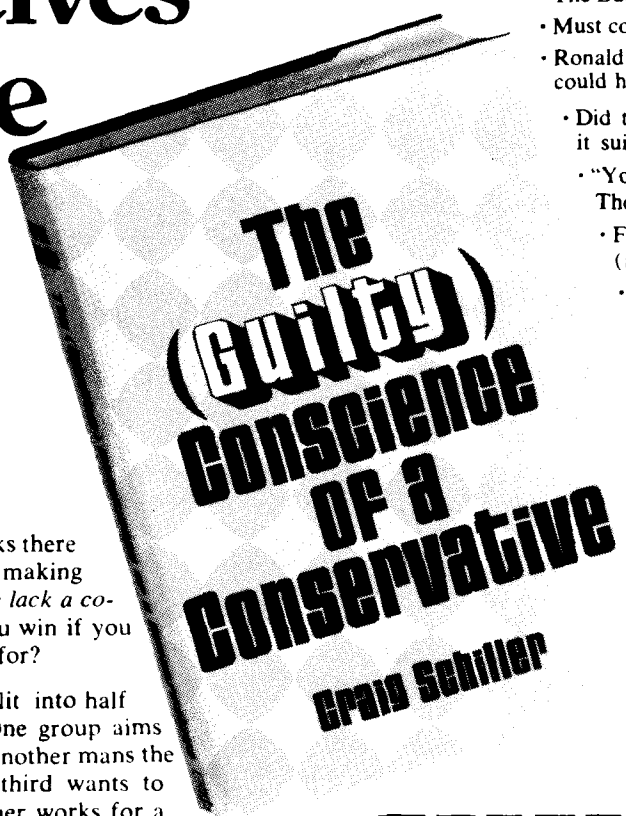
For thinking conservatives who are asking themselves — must we always lose?



The Right is on a losing streak. This man shows us how to snap it

- The Buckley-Bozell feud: who really won?
- Must conservatives believe in God?
- Ronald Reagan's $90 billion blunder. How he could have avoided it—and won the election
- Did the press assassinate Goldwater—or was it suicide?
- "You conservatives are *against* everything." The answer to this canard
- Freedom and virtue: where Frank Meyer (and some libertarians) went awry
- Eric Voegelin: the master quarterback who fumbled on the 1-yard line
- Catholics and Jews: why conservatism is their natural home
- Lessons from Europe: we have yet to learn them
- Time to mend fences with the Birch Society?
- Ayn Rand: wrong or Right?
- Conservatism and individualism: allies—or enemies?
- ERA: behind those unisex toilets
- America: liberal from birth?
- Can we win? How the odds stack up

Traditionalist Craig Schiller thinks there is a deep reason why the Right is making so little headway. *Conservatives lack a coherent philosophy*. How can you win if you don't know what you're fighting for?

American conservatives are split into half a dozen philosophical camps. One group aims at restoring the Constitution. Another mans the ramparts for free enterprise. A third wants to defeat Communism. Still another works for a revival of religion. The esthetes hope to save Western culture. And the libertarians—at war with all the others—yearn to breathe the air of freedom unpolluted.

What binds these groups together? What tenets do they share with European conservatism? Craig Schiller believes he has found the common denominator. This book is the first serious attempt by an American to outline a body of conservative belief common to all times and places—from ancient Athens to medieval France to 20th-century America.

Rabbi Schiller has some stern words for conservative intellectuals. Too often it seems they would rather rule people *out* of the movement than welcome them *in*. Too often they overlook the needs and aspirations of Mr. and Mrs. Average American. Conservatism will *never* win on the political battlefield, he reminds us, until it captures the hearts of the millions.

Rabbi **CRAIG SCHILLER** belongs to the Hasidic branch of Orthodox Judaism. Born in Brooklyn in 1951, he teaches at the Yeshiva High School of Queens and has lectured at Yeshiva University. He is a 9th-grade dropout from the public schools. His first book, *The Road Back* (written under his Hebrew name, Mayer Schiller), urged Jews to return to their ancient religious heritage.

Rabbi Schiller lives with his wife and two children in Monsey, N.Y.

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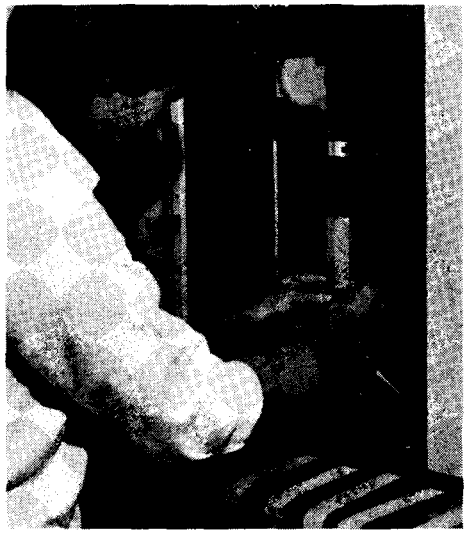

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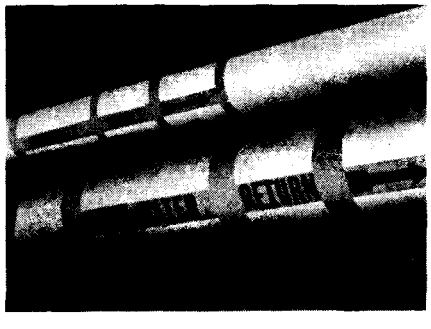

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faith among the American faithful. For example, the overwhelming numbers of Catholic women on the pill in their very disobedience make an affirmation of *disbelief*. All the pro-contraceptive arguments ultimately must come down to the personal Prime Mover that "I know better."

Yet the Catholic Church is not done for yet, and I share Professor Hart's great hope that it will press on. Among his students he finds "great interest in prayer and in serious devotional practice." As a junior at Dartmouth, I can wholeheartedly concur with Hart's observations, but these must be tempered by the understanding that the Dartmouth experience is unique, thanks to the lively and pastorally sensitive chaplains at our Aquinas House Catholic student center.

And that does not mean that the kids at "AQ" are politically right-minded. If you took a vote after daily Mass, Carter might be re-elected. (I wonder if grace can act on political nature?)

Meanwhile, the future of the Church in America and around the world looks like hard work to me. And much of this added burden has been contributed by modern man's inordinate love for himself and his achievements. I do not share Professor Hart's enthusiasm for modernity; I believe unbridled freedom causes more destruction than construction.

Chesterton put it best when, writing about the guillotine, he said that to have something sudden you need something eternal. This doesn't mean I'm against General Motors or even modern life in general. I just prefer unchanging specifics on the Eternal.

Hanover, N.H. TED WILLS

Solidity

In the January 6 issue ["The Week"] I read where the Department of Agriculture has finally discovered the beneficial effect of cement dust on cattle. Bunk! That just shows how far behind the times our government really is. The farmers here in Idaho have been feeding their cattle red bricks for ages. Not only has it helped them put on weight, they've also found that the meat makes great cube steaks.

Idaho Falls, Idaho JOSEPH W. CUSICK

Behind the Bush

The communication from Raymond White ["Letters," April 14] points up a pervasive difficulty. To wit: not many people can define Communism or accurately identify a Communist. Don't believe it? Ask around. To many Americans, a Communist is a Russian. It is this lack of definition which allows political leaders to castigate Communism, to the cheers of the crowd, while promoting Marxian Socialism, to the cheers of the same crowd.

And that is why Paul Brest was less dis-

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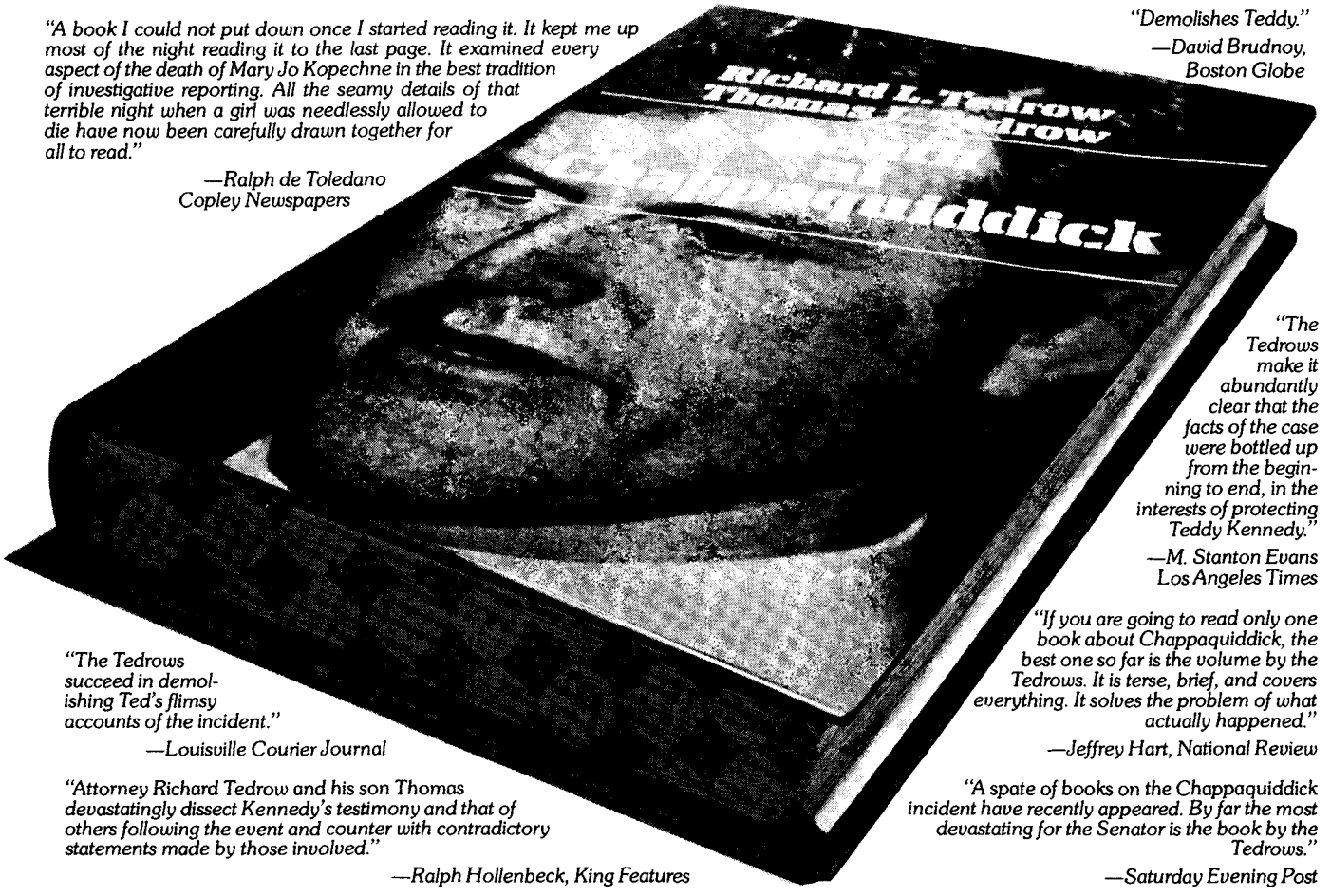
—Ralph de Toledano
Copley Newspapers

"Demolishes Teddy."

—David Brudnoy,
Boston Globe



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—M. Stanton Evans
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—Jeffrey Hart, National Review

"The Tedrows succeed in demolishing Ted's flimsy accounts of the incident."

—Louisville Courier Journal

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—Ralph Hollenbeck, King Features

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—Saturday Evening Post

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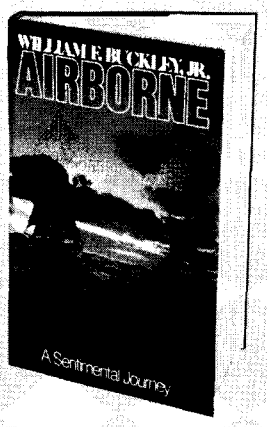

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ingenuous than Mr. White thinks he was in saying: "I don't think you could say there are any real Communists [at Stanford Law School]—a couple of Maoists, but no Communists." Saying that a Maoist and a "Communist" are one and the same is like saying that Georgia and California are the same because they are both in America. But, on the other hand, they *are* both in America. And Maoists and members of the CPUSA *are* both Marxists.

In most parts of the world, what we call Communism is referred to as Marxism. Those whom we call Communists are termed Marxists. America would do well to follow suit. There isn't a Communist behind every bush, but there may well be three Marxists. See what I mean?

Loyalton, Calif. E. T. LOGAN

Green and Leafy

Stolen embalming fluid used to treat parsley, which is then "passed off as marijuana" ["The Week," April 28]?! Kindly do not put down our enterprising drug dealers. Parsley, sprayed with embalming fluid, rocket fuel (!), rat poison, phencyclidine, et al., will usually produce an acute psychotic reaction, a condition highly desired, and enjoyed, by many drug abusers. It is sold as PCP, or "flakes" here in Baltimore, or "Angel Dust" elsewhere, and commands a far higher price than mere marijuana.

Baltimore, Md. A. V. MILIMAN
Director, Maryland Drug Abuse Research and Treatment Foundation

And Other Drugs

M. Stanton Evans' arguments in favor of repeal of the 1962 Drug Efficacy Amendments ["The Lawmakers," Feb. 17], while appealing in their potential for cost savings, have several major flaws.

First, there is serious doubt whether a "drug lag" actually exists. Many drugs on the market have little or no value. The World Health Organization has estimated that 95 per cent of all health problems could be treated by one hundred to two hundred drugs, in comparison to the 100,000 or so drugs currently available. Indeed, if any lag did exist in the past, it is quite possible that scientific, not regulatory, barriers were the cause. Henry Grabowski of the American Enterprise Institute quoted former FDA Commissioner Alexander Schmidt in 1976 to the effect that "in many areas of biomedical knowledge, we are on a plateau. We have temporarily exhausted the exploration of known concepts and tools."

Secondly, while repeal of the amendments may save money, the cost in lives could be great. The regulations have saved innumerable lives, an excellent example of which is the Asthma Nebulizer. Because of the law, we were spared the tragedy which befell the nations that marketed this drug: 3,600 deaths in Britain alone.

Thirdly, the presence of ineffective drugs on the marketplace is a therapeutic hazard. The threat always exists that patients will be harmfully deceived into relying on worthless drugs.

Finally, it is doubtful whether repeal of the 1962 law would result in any substantial savings. If we rely on the market for screening, wouldn't it be incumbent upon pharmaceutical companies to perform those same efficacy tests to ensure against the loss of potential customers?

It seems to me that this is one instance when government intervention should be tolerated.

Mullica Hill, N.J. DAVID S. PORRECA JR.

Bending the Twig

Re Cato's idea of having nudes wiggling under red sheets report the evening news on TV ["Letter from Washington," March 31] so that the viewers would recognize show business when they see it: How about the reverse? Having cereal manufacturers, in their TV ads, make ever wilder claims about taste sensation and muscle buildup so that children are conditioned at an early age to distrust everything that appears on the tube? In their later years that conditioning would protect them from TV news programs.

Haymarket, Va. PHILIP F. KENNON

The Anti-Smoking Drive

It is unlikely that the vigorous programmatic push against smoking by HEW Secretary Califano ["The Week," March 3] will arouse much public enthusiasm. We have had zealots before, but people still do not act as disembodied intellects.

There is, of course, truth in the allegation that smoking has unhealthy aspects. What is objectionable is the leap from the specific to the general; from a warning against the excessive smoking of cigarettes with inhalation to an indictment of smoking in general and a further extension to the supposed secondary effects of smoking on others. If ever we witnessed a case of mass suggestion, this is it.

There is validity to the contention that anti-smoking bias, both in detection of smoking-related disease and programming of research studies, is not infrequent. Hence, it is not surprising to hear one reputable epidemiologist state: "Cigarette smoking may contribute more to the diagnosis of lung cancer than it does to producing the disease itself" (Dr. A. R. Feinstein). In contrast to former belief, the current conclusion is that "only a small number of smokers get lung cancer" (Dr. T. W. London). Time and experience correct previous hypotheses. It is reasonable to assume that a similar correction will occur for the emergent reports depicting the ill effects of smoking on bodily functions outside the lung.

Lake Oswego, Ore. EDWARD PALMER, MD

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Everyone from **Jimmy Carter** to **George Meany** to **Reed Larson** (National Right to Work Committee) says it's going to be a tough one, and it was against his own best judgment that Senate Majority Leader **Robert Byrd** was persuaded to bring the new Labor Reform bill to the Senate floor on May 15. Byrd had insisted before scheduling it for debate that Labor produce the sixty votes needed to cut off an expected filibuster by Sen. **Orrin Hatch**. Labor was unable to do so. The AFL-CIO-backed measure, which would make the job of union organizers easier, slipped through the House last year. . . . Economist **Pierre Rinfret**, who speaks for the conservative National Association of Manufacturers, estimates a 10 per cent increase in unionization would mean a 3 per cent hike in the inflation rate. . . . Meanwhile, it's reported on the Hill that President Carter's welfare reform is dead for this session. It is not on Speaker **Tip O'Neill**'s list of priority bills to be brought up in the waning months of the 95th Congress; in the Senate, **Patrick Moynihan** admits it would get only one vote in the Finance Committee—"mine.". . . The country may or may not be moving right, but its representatives in Congress are, according to a rundown in *Congressional Quarterly*. *CQ* finds three liberal organizations rating **House members** lower in 1977 than in 1976, two conservative organizations rating them higher. . . . Great fun: an expensive propaganda film turned out by the AFL-CIO called *The Right-Wing Machine* is so heavy-handed, according to the ACU's *Battle Line* (now edited by the talented and irrepressible **John Lofton**), that it has them rolling in the aisles at right-wing gatherings. SRO.

■ On the electoral scene: Conservative **Jeff Bell** has now gotten endorsements

Waite, *London Daily Mirror* Rothco

from former Treasury Secretary **William Simon** and former Senator **James Buckley**, and from fellow Republican House members **Bob Bauman** (Md.), **John Ashbrook** (Ohio), **Jack Kemp** (N.Y.) in his primary race against liberal Sen. **Clifford Case** in New Jersey. . . . But not from **Ronald Reagan**, who has apparently bought the advice of Sen. **Paul Laxalt** that if he is to run in 1980 he must widen his base within the GOP. . . . In Massachusetts, the Senate race is getting complicated. Republican **Edward Brooke** is facing his biggest primary challenge ever from conservative talk-show host **Avi Nelson**. . . . Now **Howard Phillips**, chairman of the Conservative Caucus, has announced he'll get in the race—as a Democrat. Phillips has changed his registration (from Independent to Democrat), will run in a crowded (and zany) six-way field in Sept. 19 primary. . . . Also in Mass., the GOP State Convention has endorsed conservative **Edward King** over two liberals as its gubernatorial candidate. No doubt about where King stands. He worked for Ronald Reagan in 1976, is active in the Massachusetts drive for a tax limitation referendum. . . . In West Virginia this fall it will be, as expected, incumbent Democratic Sen. **Jennings Randolph** *v.* Republication ex-Gov. **Arch Moore**. Randolph got 80 per cent of the Democratic votes in the primary; Moore 90 per cent of the Republican. Could be a GOP win in November.

■ On the activist front: **Jack Kemp** is starting up a new organization whose sole purpose, he says, "will be the lowering of the federal income tax rate to 25 per cent by the end of the 1980s.". . . The **National Tax Limitation Committee**, which had its first major success when **Tennessee** approved a tax limitation referendum earlier this year, will hold a national meeting in Chicago, May 19 to 21—all that and **Milton Friedman** too. (For info write NTLC, 7330 Morningside Drive, Loomis, Calif. 95650.) . . . The **Ad Hoc Citizens Legal Defense Fund for the FBI** (William Simon, **Clare Booth Luce**, James L. Buckley) is back in action trying to raise new funds to help in the defense of **L. Patrick Gray** et al. (95 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 10016, Suite 808). The Committee's alarm over the attacks on the FBI and the intelligence community in general, and the consequences for the national security, is shared by former President **Richard Nixon** (see "Notes and Asides").

■ Shades of **Jenkins' Ear**: When **Donald Coggan**, Archbishop of Canterbury, attended a British Council of Churches meeting in Calvinist Edinburgh, he was greeted by pickets denouncing him as a "Romanizer" and a "Popehead."

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THE WEEK

■ Ill feeling between the White House and the press, one Cabinet member told *U.S. News*, has now become "reminiscent of the late Nixon days." The President skipped (boycotted?) the annual White House Correspondents' Association dinner, his place taken by Jody Powell, whose bitter jokes moved the audience to heckling. And the polls, the polls. Jimmy Carter may be the first paranoid ever seriously to underestimate the number of his enemies.

■ HOW'S THAT AGAIN? President Carter at Spokane (AP). *"I look upon myself as a spokesman for the client and the medical patient and the student in a classroom, the elderly person, the mentally ill person. . . ."*

■ Mr. Carter's denunciations of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association are demagogy. Of course there are unethical lawyers and physicians, but this does not mean that Medicine and the Law are corrupt. And of course the official Associations exist for the very purpose of enhancing and protecting their memberships—if they were called Labor Unions, Mr. Carter would lick their nether vert, to use a legal term. But to say that the AMA and/or the medical profession has been "a major obstacle" to better health care is to, uh, lie to you. Between 1955 and 1975, infant mortality in this country declined from 26.4 per thousand live births to 16.1. In that same period, maternal mortality declined from 47 per hundred thousand live births to 12.8. The number of physicians per 100,000 of population has risen from 135 to 196. Instead of a trend to more and more specialization, there is a rapidly growing trend toward practice as a GP —the old-fashioned "family doc." During the same period, educational testing scores have steadily declined while the cost of public education has trebled—or has it quadrupled? Mr. Carter begins to sound like R2-D2.

■ "CARTER TO SEEK ASYLUM."

■ What possessed Senator Weicker the other night? He told eight hundred members of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee that Mr. Carter's national security advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, had "singled out American Jews as an impediment" to Carter's policies. He added that the Administration was making the Jews a scapegoat for its own failures, and hinted that Carter would gladly sacrifice the Jews on the altar of world government. Perhaps he meant Brezhnev, not Brzezinski. To a nice American rich boy like Weicker, all them funny foreign names sound alike.

■ "CARTER: I'M COMMITTED."

■ Black income, reports a Rand Corporation study, is drawing close to white income, and education levels are evening up too. Black women, ironically, are gaining faster than black men, partly because of affirmative action: while an employer who hires a black man gets only one califano point (race), the employer who hires a black woman gets two (race *and* sex). Meanwhile, the National Center for Health Statistics notes that the black illegitimacy rate has nearly doubled in 13 years, to over 50 per cent, and that 40 per cent of black children live in female-headed households. These data seem to support the thesis of George Gilder (*Sexual Suicide*, *Naked Nomads*, the forthcoming *Visible Man*) that special treatment of black women weakens the status of black men, thus contributing to the destabilization of the family structure.

■ "CARTER: I'M COMPETENT."

■ Having sent waves of panic through the ranks of quack physicians and shyster lawyers, the President has gone after bigger game: the Soviets. By now it is clear that Secretary Vance's warnings that if the Russians and Cubans don't pull out of Africa, or at least slow the rate of their troop increases, we'll begin forming dark opinions of their motives, just isn't having the desired effect; so President Carter sent "private, sealed messages" to Mr. Brezhnev to tell him that the African campaign is jeopardizing detente. He also publicly accused the Soviets of "innate racism," a charge that would have had Lysenko scratching his head, but never mind, you have to start somewhere.

■ The facts in the Letelier case are interesting enough: Orlando Letelier was Allende's ambassador to the United States; after the coup, he settled in Washington where he worked for the leftist Institute for Policy Studies and, it seems, Fidel Castro; in 1976, he, his car, and an IPS research assistant were blown up; the FBI has now arrested three anti-Castro Cubans and an al-

To the Saudis

If I were King Khalid
And Congress made me boil,
I wouldn't intercede
To hold the price of oil;
I wouldn't stash my cash
In Yankee stocks and bonds:
I'd let the market crash
And diddle with my blondes.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

They rose early across the country on Sun Day—Robert Redford, Barry Commoner, Jane Fonda, members of the Small Farm Energy Project, Club of Rome, Sierra Club, Consumer Action Now, Worldwatch Institute, the back-to-nature-crowd, brown-rice-and-carrot devotees, zen-joggers—all up to worship the sun as it hasn't been worshipped since the Aztecs. It was undoubtedly one of the most impressive tribal gatherings since Earth Day in April 1970, and, like Earth Day, Sun Day may have profound political effects. No doubt most of us not of the tribal persuasion rolled over and went back to sleep, dismissing it all as just another freaky reunion of the aging Sixties Generation. And it may have been. But many of us also felt that way about Earth Day, not quite fully realizing that the ethos it symbolized would culminate in such things as the Environmental Protection Agency.

The purpose of Earth Day, said Denis Hayes of the Worldwatch Institute, who also heads the Washington-based Solar Action Inc., was to create "a new national commitment to environmental quality." And that, says Hayes, is precisely what happened. "In 1969 you couldn't pass a tough clean-air act. In 1970 you couldn't stop it. Since then we've killed an SST, passed some strong water-pollution legislation, busted open the highway trust fund." Our environmental consciousness has been raised; next comes our energy consciousness, and along with it the political consciousness of a whole raft of political office-seekers. And in the process, we can expect to see a number of sacrifices to the sun, perhaps chief among them, nuclear power.

Jimmy Carter, standing on a mountaintop in Colorado in the pouring rain to admire a solar facility that doesn't yet exist, was somewhat less than eloquent when he praised sunlight for being "free from stench." But his few references to nuclear energy seemed negative, and it is apparent that he sees political mileage in harnessing the sunshine issue. Among other things, he told the worshippers, his Cabinet would develop "a national solar strategy" to be funded in the 1980 budget; he would spend $100 million or so to solarize federal buildings, among them the White House; and he tried to take credit for a congressional appropriation that would succeed in kicking the solar development segment of the 1979 budget up to half a billion dollars.

There is nothing wrong with all this. Not even Spiro Agnew could find it in his heart to assail sunshine. But the coupling of pro-solar with anti-nuclear sentiments has energy experts worried. Until very recently, it was taken for granted that nuclear energy would bridge the gap between our diminishing hydrocarbon supplies and the new technologies and alternative sources of the next century. That bridge, however, is being systematically sabotaged and may soon totally collapse.

The leader of pro-solar, anti-nuclear forces is California Governor Jerry Brown, who said on Sun Day: "The Federal Government is dragging its feet on solar energy—and California is leading the country." Although they are used primarily for heating swimming pools and the governor's shower, there are nevertheless more solar units in California than in the rest of the country, and Brown has appointed a 25-member "Solarcal" commission to accelerate solar development in the state. Significantly, the key member of Solarcal will be Tom Hayden, founder of the SDS, who will also serve as Brown's personal representative to the Western Governors' Conference on Energy. Hayden is also head of the Campaign for Economic Democracy, which has effectively used old New Left techniques to lobby for solar and against nuclear power.

In his attempts to build what San Diego Mayor Pete Wilson calls "a national anti-nuclear constituency for the 1980 race against President Carter," Brown is taking what many see as an extreme political risk. The decision of the Brown-controlled California Energy Resources Conservation and Development Commission, for instance, to prohibit the building of a huge nuclear plant in the Mojave Desert has stirred up a storm of controversy, many of the most vociferous of Brown's critics representing traditional Democratic centers of strength. Brown's people, however, see it differently. They believe that under the coaching of a well-organized and articulate minority, attitudes are changing, as Denis Hayes insists they are.

Finally, there is the whole question of the new constituency. Many Brown backers believe that the generation of the Sixties and Seventies, culturally radicalized on the campuses of the period, represents the greatest potential force of the Eighties. True, they don't vote in great numbers yet, but Brown backers believe that is primarily because most candidates and most issues are not theirs.

It is difficult to believe that Jimmy Carter, a man of the Forties, can capture the allegiance of this new breed. But he apparently intends to try, and that is bad news for nuclear energy.

—CATO

leged American-born agent of DINA, the now-defunct Chilean secret police; in anticipation of further arrests, the Chilean government has exempted from amnesty anyone involved. The American press, meanwhile, seems determined to make the case more interesting still. In March, the *New York Times* solemnly implied that Chilean diplomat Carlos Osorio had been "mysteriously shot to death" to cover his part in the plot to get Letelier. In fact, Osorio had committed suicide over family problems four and a half months earlier; his second (and current) wife was a witness; and when his first wife demanded an autopsy, the doctors confirmed the verdict. More recently, in a superb display of paralepsis, the *Washington Post* quoted the wife of the arrested DINA agent as saying that "she did not know whether the alleged order to arrange for Letelier's assassination had come personally from [the head of DINA] or from a middle-level military official in the secret police." Indeed. The unslakable urge to take cheap shots is all the more inexcusable considering the actual gravity of the case. Whoever killed Letelier—a Communist agent operating in a twilight zone—the Chilean government will very

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likely be made to look guilty: Letelier's last political service, performed from the grave.

■ What's good for the PLO is also good for SWAPO. With a tip of the hat to fellow pariah Menahem Begin and his invasion of Lebanon, John Vorster's South African government launched a drive 150 miles inside Angola against the headquarters of the South-West African People's Organization, the terrorist group whose only offense is that, with help from the Soviet Union and Cuba, it is trying to install a Communist government in South African-controlled South West Africa (soon to be Namibia). The drive went smoothly and caused predictable repercussions. SWAPO issued a thunderous denunciation; Cuba asserted that "aggression against our Angolan brothers will be regarded as aggression against the Cuban people"; a U.S. delegate to the UN expressed dismay at the "senselessness" of the raid; and, in a heartwarming demonstration of solidarity, all the members of the UN Security Council—Western, Communist, and Third World—approved a resolution condemning South Africa. Not one member of the world community, however, has yet to breathe an unkind word about the atrocities committed by Angola's rulers, which, according to the London *Sunday Telegraph*, have resulted in the deaths of 70,000 of their Angolan brothers.

■ Charles Péguy dated the destruction of French public education to that day in the 1890s when the Parlement dropped Greek as a mandatory course in the public schools. The decline in American education can be dated just as easily, to that moment in the reign of Charles Eliot as President of Harvard (1869-1909) when Mr. Eliot undermined the idea of a "core curriculum" by introducing and developing the "elective" system, a system the scholarly James B. Conant took right to the races. On May 2 the Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences voted by a landslide (182 to 65) to blow the whistle on this nonsense. The idea of a core curriculum has been restored. Courses are named and required. Electives are reduced. The idea of "the educated man" is defined. Glad tidings these, and surely Harvard will lead the way for a hundred other schools. How deeply the reforms are needed is clear to anyone who reads Harvard President Bok's recently published annual report to the alumni, in which he grapples with the idea of a university, in an English all turgid and spineless, unrecognizably the prose of the son of Bok the Elder.

■ Religious schools, mostly conservative Protestant, are popping up all over, notes B. Drummond Ayres Jr. in the *New York Times*: an estimated 5,000 new church schools in the last decade. The threat to a state monopoly isn't being taken lightly: in state after state, gummint agencies are demanding that the schools meet gummint standards in enrollment, facilities, course offerings, and teacher certification—a bit of a yuk, that, since parents send their children to the schools not to evade standards, but to find them. The parents retort that their free exercise of religion is being thwarted, and that besides—though it is constitutionally irrelevant—their kids score higher than public school kids on the standardized tests. The *Times* headline suggests where the blame lies: "Private Schools Provoking Church-State Conflict."

■ Bully for the *New York Times*' Tom Buckley, who took Art Buchwald to task for excessive mealymouthedness in a TV show (*The Night of the Empty Chair*) about political repressions. Buchwald introduced a letter from one of the Wilmington 10 with the remark: "The United States is also a member of the offending community of nations." Commented Buckley: "Maybe the Wilmington

The Mercenary

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10 are guilty and maybe they aren't, but they have had the protection of the most elaborate legal safeguards the world has ever known. To include them with the victims of Soviet, Eastern European, Cuban, Chilean, and South African repression . . . is outrageous."

■ It sometimes takes a correspondent to enliven the *New York Times* editorial page, and to make every now and then a devastating point: "Kudos to the health-conscious Secretary of HEW, Joseph Califano . . . leading the attack against cigarette smoking. However, Mr. Califano is obviously overweight. Let us not forget that heart disease is a major killer of Americans, and obesity is a risk factor in the genesis of heart disease. So now that I have forsworn my pack of cigarettes, when will Mr. Califano begin his 1,000-calorie low-cholesterol diet?" Maybe we should support federal funding for Weight Watchers?

■ "I'll be damned if my tax dollars will fund USSR." So said Mr. Peter van Dernoot of Greenwood Village, Colorado when he discovered that his ten-year-old son's school reading program had the same initials as a certain large foreign country. Dr. Lyman Hunt, who invented Uninterrupted Sustained Silent Reading as a technique for teaching third-, fourth- and fifth-graders, said the acronym had no political significance, and suggested that van Dernoot, while he's at it, go after the Cincinnati Reds. Mr. van Dernoot instead went all the way to Washington, where he succeeded in getting HEW to drop the U. "I have no quarrel with the concept," said van Dernoot, whose own school district has changed the initials to FRED (Free Reading Every Day).

■ The *Federal Register* published 66,958 pages of new federal regulations and other gobbledygook in 1977, more than three times the fog of '71. At that rate (20+ per cent compounded) we can look forward to approximately 4,608,982 pages—about 64 acres—of regulations issued annually by the turn of the century.

Jesus Saves

Yes, He does, and that is why
Steeples punctuate the sky,
But should Jesus referee
Jimmy's foreign policy?

W. H. VON DREELE

Jeopardy in Kabul

The bloody Communist coup in Afghanistan two weeks ago is no Gilbert-and-Sullivan farce in a remote land of forbidding mountains. Potentially it presents the USSR an opportunity—such as it has not had since it bungled in 1946 in Iranian Azerbaidzhan—to extend its de facto sway another step nearer to the historic Russian imperial goal of a controlled outlet on the Indian Ocean. Unless the opposition can muster enough military force to oust the new regime quickly, it will solidify its grip to the point of irreversibility which is characteristic of Communist regimes abutting directly on the USSR. The opportunity to exploit tribes in the wild, sparse border areas of Baluchi and Pushtun will provide a means of extending that sway irresistibly the remaining few hundred miles to the sea opposite the Arabian peninsula.

Perhaps it will not all happen that way, but the stunning blow in Kabul offers a ripe occasion to survey the map, which shows how extremist regimes supported and stimulated by the USSR are boxing the Middle East—Libya on the west; the African Horn and South Yemen bracketing the Red Sea on the south, Afghanistan on the east, while the USSR itself broods heavily along the whole northern tier. In the middle are Iraq and Syria, armed by the USSR and ready to be ignited by the first new spark in the Arab-Israeli tinder-box. Meanwhile, the U.S. still embargoes arms to its NATO ally Turkey, Congress balks at selling military planes to our friend Saudi Arabia, and negotiations with cooperative Egypt are hung up on Israeli settlements in Sinai and the West Bank. It gives one pause.

In Spokane, President Carter said Secretary Vance had warned Brezhnev "to be careful" about moves in Africa. It would have been an act of good chessmanship in the land of chess, had the Soviet leader returned the courtesy with a warning to the U.S. "to be careful in the Middle East"—Check!

Yesterday's Forecast

How about another chorus of "Give Peace a Chance"? The heroically vigilant John Lofton, editor of the ACU's *Battle Line*, has compiled a special Cambodia issue. The part about Cambodia is horrific. The part about the American doves of yesteryear is downright nostalgic.

Here is **George McGovern**, telling us that the Cambodians would be "better off" if we cut off aid to Phnom Penh and let them work things out "in their own way." **Tom Wicker** assured us that there was "not much moral choice" between the corrupt Lon Nol regime and the Khmer Rouge (worst thing Tom ever said about the Khmer Rouge). **Joe Kraft** asked, "Does it really matter whether Cambodia goes Communist?" After all, Lon Nol was "unloved and incompetent." **Bella Abzug** pleaded with us to save perhaps "100,000 lives" by bugging out forthwith. **Alan Cranston** made the fine epistemological point that "the 'bloodbath' that some people fear after the fighting stops if the insurgents take over is only conjecture." **Anthony Lewis** prognosticated that "more American military aid—if it has any effect—can only prolong the agony of Cambodia." None of these worthies,

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though some have deplored Pol Pot, has acknowledged the slightest responsibility for what has happened since their advice was taken. They have spent the years of peace counseling us to avoid recriminations except against Nixon, and offering further advice on how to conduct foreign policy.

Marxism and the Academy

Always the last redoubt of dated and exploded ideas, conservative in the sense of being attached to the day before yesterday, the American academy now provides a pasture in which a substantial number of avowed Marxists may take their ease. And now a rather flamboyant representative of the breed, a New York University professor named Bertell Ollman, has been nominated to the post of head of the department of politics at the University of Maryland.

Whereupon, furor. Inevitably, the supporters of Ollman cast themselves as heroic defenders of academic freedom, their opponents as know-nothings, McCarthyites, and book-burners. Thus the battle rages. For its part, the academic community nationwide has been singularly unforthcoming with the relevant distinctions.

In a famous aperçu, Karl Marx declared that the job of philosophy—human thought, really—is not to understand the world but to change it. What that means is that for the true revolutionary all thought must be subordinate to the overriding goal of making a revolution. All speculation, all art, all culture, even all science must be thus subordinate, must serve the goal of "changing the world." Something is thus preferable to the truth.

But if we formulate the proper task of the academy as a distinctive institution, we find that we have stood Marx on his head. The task of the university is not to change the world by activism, but by thought and understanding. Truth necessarily prevails over politics.

Now, "Marxist" intellectuals and academics come in several forms, and not all of them subordinate thought to politics. The noted historian Eugene Genovese, for example, employs Marxist thought as a perspective, a mode of analysis—a tool, that is, of understanding. Genovese is manifestly qualified for an academic post.

The Maryland nominee, Bertell Ollman, appears to be unsuitable. He states openly that in his courses he tries "to convert students to socialism," and he boasts that most students conclude his course with a "Marxist outlook." He describes his courses as places where "bourgeois ideology is being dismantled." The job of the Marxist scholar, says Ollman, is "to make more revolutionaries."

Ollman's priorities are clear enough, but they are not the priorities of the academy. Not only is he unsuitable for the proposed post at Maryland—he is unsuitable for any academic post in the free world.

Emerging GOP Consensus?

In an effort to achieve political consensus in opposition to Carter liberalism, fifty Republican officeholders and political professionals got together in Easton, Maryland during the last weekend in April. To the evident surprise of many present, the group—which contained both liberals and conservatives—achieved substantial agreement. Indeed the importance of the consensus may lie in the fact that, on key matters, it transcended the familiar ideological divisions within the party.

All shades of opinion, for example, supported "substantial permanent reductions in federal income and capital gains tax rates in order to encourage real economic growth, restore incentive, and expand the reward for working, saving, and investing." This position, now embodied in the Kemp-Roth bill, will constitute an important partisan issue in coming elections. The Republicans have been defining themselves as the party of growth and incentives, the Democrats as the party of redistribution. The Kemp-Roth thrust, moreover, moves away from the traditional GOP stress on budget-balancing.

In other areas a similar consensus prevailed. On defense, the Republican statement accused the Democrats of supporting "unilateral U.S. disarmament in the face of mounting Soviet military aggressiveness." There again, the line can be drawn against the Carter-Warnke less-is-better defense posture. And, be it noted, all 38 Republicans in the Senate recently issued a statement condemning the incoherence and incompetence of the Carter–Andy Young foreign policy.

Admittedly, the Carter Administration presents a ludicrously inviting target. But it is still good to see Republicans agreeing to hit it dead center.

Tuition Tax Credit: Increment of Freedom

Acting upon a piece of domestic legislation which is extremely important both in substance and as symbol, the House is currently debating a bill for tuition tax credits. The House bill would allow parents to deduct from federal taxes up to $150 per year for college tuition —the amount rising to $250 in the second year—and to deduct up to $100 for students in private (including parochial) elementary and secondary schools. The Senate version, passed earlier, provides for a $250 tax credit on college tuition only. The two bills will have to be reconciled in conference.

Tuition tax credit has come to be one of the political sleepers of 1978, supported by enormous majorities of voters, and President Carter with his familiar unerring

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political instinct has promised to veto any such bill. Carter favors a fattened federal grant–loan package—that is, more bureaucracy, and more redistribution of income.

The momentum in Congress of the tuition tax credit idea represents a victory for public opinion as against the organized educational interests. Opponents of the idea argue that it will hurt the public schools, i.e., people will shop elsewhere—a telling admission. In this as in other areas Carter has shown himself more vulnerable to organized special interests than any President within recent memory. So much for his vaunted "populism." To date, Carter has been rolled by the maritime unions, the farmers, the coal miners, the consumerists, the anti-nuclear zealots, the ideological disarmers, and now the education lobby. If he gets rolled much more often he will finish as our first completely rounded President.

The tuition tax credit represents a modest increment of freedom, a modest increment of free choice for hard-pressed Middle Americans. The idea seems to be catching on, and, who knows, might spread. Naturally, therefore, those who with good reason feel threatened by the spread of freedom believe that on this issue they may be riding toward their own Little Big Horn, with General Carter in tactical command.

The Great Train Robbery

Feeling guilty about having added yet more to Amtrak's current subsidy, Transportation Secretary Brock Adams now proposes trimming some unprofitable routes to keep future subsidies slightly below a billion dollars a year. Already, the planned Amtrak subsidy for fiscal 1979 is $660 million.

It is getting hard to remember that when Amtrak was launched in 1971 it was supposed to have been making money by 1976. Amtrak fares have been nearly constant since 1971, and half the price of most Amtrak tickets is now paid by taxpayers, many of whom live far from any train station. Amtrak trains effect their arrivals on schedule only three-fourths of the time, and travel at less than fifty miles per hour. They average only 55 passenger miles per gallon of fuel—about a third as economical as buses (which are threatened by the subsidized competition) or half as economical as a big Oldsmobile diesel with four passengers.

What Amtrak obviously needs is to lose both the subsidies and the related political control over its fares and routes. There will be the usual squeals about lost jobs from eliminating some routes, but jobs that require taxpayer subsidies involve a net loss of economic growth and employment. The last thing taxpayers need is another quasi-nationalized industry digging into the Treasury's nonexistent resources. Let private operators, setting their own rates, and using their own capital, lease the tracks.

Fire Bosworth

There is one small but important symbolic contribution the Council on Wage and Price Stability could make to the fight against inflation—namely, to recommend the immediate abolition of the Council on Wage and Price Stability. This would, first of all, cut $1.8 million from the bloated budget, including a dozen jobs in the $36,000 to $50,000 range. Considering the Council's recent concern with oversized incomes, that seems particularly appropriate. The agency's abolition would also economize on the paper that has been wasted on notoriously incompetent studies of such industries as paper, steel, and medical care. Moreover, it would reassure those who fear that the Administration will be bullying conspicuous industries into compliance with arbitrary price edicts. This factor alone should be good for a gain of a hundred points on the stock market, helping to increase investment and growth.

We never really needed another federal agency to pretend that inflation has nothing to do with government policy. The Council of Economic Advisors, Congressional Budget Office, and Treasury Department have all been conspicuously busy with that public relations stunt.

If there are any lingering doubts about the expendability of COWPS, the remarks of its chairman, Barry Bosworth, should settle the issue. "If government has any part to play in fighting inflation," says Bosworth, "it must have a role in private wage and price decisions." No, that doesn't mean the terrific job the Administration did in getting coal miners' wages up, nor its efforts to protect several industries from import competition, nor the $7.3 billion used this year to hike food prices, nor the 35 per cent boost in the minimum wage. Bosworth instead has visions of threatening to examine company records, and believes the government should also "withhold its purchases" from uncooperative firms and "encourage others to do the same." Witchhunting is apparently to be an acceptable alternative to responsible fiscal and monetary policies. In view of such demagogic nonsense, one of the most frightening things that President Carter has said lately is that he is happy with his advisors.

American Exceptionalism

"American exceptionalism," the bane of Marxist theory, found confirmation yet again in a survey taken jointly by the *New York Times* and CBS News. In Marxist theory, a small but powerful class of capitalist oppressors —the owners of the means of production—dominates and tyrannizes over a large worker and/or peasant class. According to this survey, meanwhile, 2 per cent of Americans describe themselves as upper class, 8 per cent as

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lower class, the huge remainder as either belonging to no class or standing somewhere in the middle.

Most Americans correlated "class" with income, rather than with status, geneaology, occupation, or other traditional components. Most had experienced upward mobility as a fact of life. Few had much "class consciousness," and many were impatient with the category of class.

From a Marxist perspective, something has gone terribly wrong in the world's most modern society. It is therefore a correlative of American exceptionalism that the Marxist categories be redefined (Marcuse: "repressive tolerance"; N. O. Brown: "erotic tyranny"), or else simply exported, as a kind of remaindered myth, to the primitive peoples of the Third World. Tough luck, Karl.

Labor's Pariah

To listen to the AFL-CIO tell it, J. P. Stevens & Co. is one bad business *hombre*. "The number one labor law violator" in the United States, the union deftly puts it. Stevens' grievous indiscretion has been to fight the unionization of its 44,000 workers at 83 plants throughout the South.

To counter this effrontery by Stevens, which it has been trying to colonize since 1963, the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union is employing an innovative tactic: isolate Stevens from the business and financial communities. It has been successful on two counts already. Manufacturers Hanover, threatened by the union with the withdrawal of its pension funds, asked two of its directors associated with Stevens to resign. Then Avon Products Inc., bowing to boycott threats, pulled its chief executive officer off the Stevens board. Now the union is zeroing in on other Stevens directors, representing Seamen's Bank for Savings, Consolidated Edison, and New York Life. "This is the beginning of the alienation of the Wall Street community from J. P. Stevens," said Ray Rogers, director of the union's corporate campaign.

But these are Pyrrhic victories. That the union has had to resort to coercive tactics—and has had to solicit politicians, clergymen, and suchlike to badmouth Stevens—is a sign of weakness, not strength. Twelve times since 1963 the union has tried elections in the likeliest plant locations. It has lost 11. Even now Stevens is offering simultaneous representation elections at all plants, but the union refuses. Democracy, it would seem, isn't much favored in this union hierarchy.

Instead, it tries demagogy and arm-twisting. The union has tried to brand Stevens as a business misanthrope, citing 12 National Labor Relations Board convictions. No one cites the hundreds of union complaints that have been dismissed by the NLRB, which is hardly an anti-union body.

In any case, the workers are better economists than their union bosses. As a textile manufacturer, Stevens competes in a fierce international market. Increased labor costs and decreased productivity, as the *Wall Street Journal* has pointed out, mean plant closings in America and thus more work for the Taiwanese. Even where it won its single victory, at Roanoke Rapids, N.C. in 1974, the union is still without a contract and yet has not struck, mindful of Stevens' fragile competitive position. The workers know their economic and job security lies with Stevens and not with Big Labor demagogues.

A Whiff of Grape

Perhaps the most elegant indication of the power of New York City's municipal unions is that the word "linkage" has migrated from the lexicon of East-West diplomacy to the vocabulary of Mayor Koch. Koch expressed the hope, after concluding a fat transit accord, that there would be "no linkage" between it and negotiations still under way with the city's other unions. Within days, however, the municipal bosses were asking for $1.4 billion (the city had offered $610 million); and union officials were assuring reporters that they would get the same as transit got.

City and state could hardly have expected otherwise. During the Lindsay administration (*né* the Age of Pericles), New York bus and subway lines were put under state control. Governor Carey, up for re-election, now prefers collapsing to fighting; and Koch, anxious to avoid a honeymoon strike, has gone along. In doing so, they went far toward reducing the Emergency Financial Control Board—New York's fiscal watchdog—to a rubberstamp. Washington has not been impressed.

The time—and the wherewithal—for such shenanigans is past. If the municipal unions remain obdurate, Koch and Carey should add another word to their vocabularies—"No." If they don't say it, Washington must. If in contravention of the law the unions strike, their leaders should be jailed, and the unions fined—say a million dollars a day. Then we can all get back to the business of caving in to the Soviet Union.

Beyond the Birds and the Bees

Last year the valedictorian of a high school in Washington, D.C., was refused admission to a local college because his SAT scores were below the minimum level. There is the story of a valedictorian of a New Jersey high school who received excellent grades in English, yet was compelled to take a remedial course in writing when she got to college. The Goffstown High School, in New Hampshire, has compiled statistics showing that during the last ten years the percentage of its students receiving

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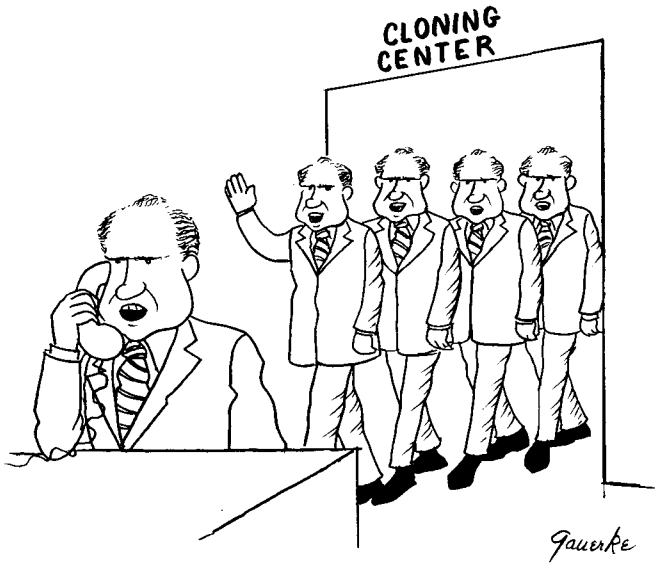

". . . and you can tell the media that they're going to have me to kick around for some time to come."

A's has increased by 37 per cent, and the number receiving C's has decreased by 21 per cent; while the mean score received by its students on the College Entrance Examination Board's Verbal and Mathematical tests has fallen from 524/519 to 426/481 since 1965.

The reasons for the dramatic decline in academic competency include the egalitarian hang-ups left over from the Sixties; the silly faddism of post-progressive education ("open classrooms," the waiving of required courses, and the like); the unwillingness of teachers and school boards to incur the wrath of voters by holding their students to strict standards of achievement; and sheer academic inertia. A further reason, and most important, is that to require competent work in exchange for a diploma is deemed "discriminatory" in many quarters, an act of gratuitous inhumanity against a young person combing the marketplace for a job. A Ford Foundation vice president (formerly a U.S. commissioner of education) has warned against the dangers of the minimum competency movement which has caused 33 states to impose proficiency exams in the basic skills. It would force us all, he argues, to "live with the consequences of a group of young people rejected by our educational system and our economic system and embittered by their rejection in the name of improving educational standards."

He is begging the question. The point is that undeserving graduates are going to be "rejected" by the economic system whether or not they are "rejected" by the public schools. However efficient the classroom can be in teaching the skills required to master the real world, it is not in itself the real world; many pretenses are successfully maintained within its limits which the world outside will not sustain. For example, California law schools are concerned by the fact that from 1970 to 1973 the percentage of minority law students who failed the state bar exam was twice that of white students. This statistic testifies to misplaced compassion in the first degree. For years, it seems, the only facts of life taught in modern American schools have been those of the birds and the bees.

Calling Castro

Armando Valladares is a Cuban poet. As a student, he agitated against Batista. In December 1960, the Communists threw him into jail. Three years ago he smuggled a letter out to Amnesty International. "My living conditions are subhuman, alienating. I live in a cell block in La Cabaña military fortress, built two centuries ago. It is humid, dark, dirty, with resounding walls, with no light, and inadequate sanitary facilities. We live in cots plagued by bedbugs, lice, flies, roaches, and mosquitos. . . . I have suffered isolation in cells completely sealed off by steel plates without ever seeing the light of day, while being an object of biological and psychological experimentation. . . . There is not an inch of my body that has not been beaten with hatred."

In 1974 the director of La Cabaña told the political prisoners that they would have to wear the blue uniforms of common criminals to mess. When the political prisoners refused, the director declared them to be on a hunger strike. From June 24 to August 12 they were denied food. As a result, Valladares and five other men became paralyzed.

In March of last year several Venezuelan legislators, including three socialists, petitioned Castro for Valladares' release. Last December 47 senators appealed to Castro to release Valladares, Angel Cuadra, and Huber Matos. Cuadra, also a poet, has been in jail over ten years; Matos, a former commander in Castro's army, was imprisoned in 1960 and has lost the use of an arm.

The Gulag Island's jailer has so far not responded.

Aldo Moro, R I P

Aldo Moro did not die gallantly (See "On The Right," p. 672), but it will not soon be known whether his craven letters were truly his own or whether they were pried from him by such instruments of torture as the Red Brigades are turning into an art from. The palpable, devastating grief of Mr. Moro's family ennobles the death; and their request for privacy, although motivated by bitterness at the failure of the government to yield to the torturers' terms, transcends itself. Let Mr. Moro go quietly to his grave, and his God.

Leaving us to ask what, if anything, is relevant? Symbols abound. There are 13 members of the Red Brigades in captivity. Their trial for assorted crimes, including murder, mutilation, and attempted assassination, was

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scheduled for May 1976. Two years ago. Italian justice was still dawdling when Aldo Moro was kidnapped. The prisoners, whose release was demanded by Moro's murderers, are still untried, the court and potential jurors terrified at the prospect of proceeding with deliberate justice. If the defendants who are guilty had been tried and, where deserved, sentenced and executed, possibly Aldo Moro would be alive. But his name was never associated with sternness in dealing with the anarchists and the totalitarians. He was godfather to the opening to the Left. He was always there with bewildering rhetorical excuses for declining to draw the line past which successfully self-governing republics cannot yield. He would speak of such things as "converging parallelisms," and meanwhile Italian society drifted toward that state of paralysis in which an entire country, mobilized to the single purpose of detecting Aldo Moro's whereabouts, failed itself. If you cannot try 13 terrorists in 24 months, it is not surprising that you cannot penetrate a cadre of five dozen terrorists who conspired to kill his bodyguards and secreted Aldo Moro for almost two months before contemptuously delivering his corpse to the police in central Rome. Perhaps it will be discovered that in the interval he was detained in the Colosseum, or maybe the Sistine Chapel.

Italy owes no great debt to Aldo Moro the statesman, but it owes a debt to the man whose victimization bared the awful impotence of a society that struggles so unsuccessfully with the problems of self-government.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

After reading your fascinating novel *Stained Glass*, my only regret is that I didn't appoint you as Head of the CIA!

What concerns me, as I am sure it must you, is what the U.S. can or will do to counteract increasing Communist subversion at home and abroad now that the Congress and the Administration have castrated the CIA and the FBI, as far as covert capability is concerned.

Our mutual friend Whittaker Chambers must be turning over in his grave. Cordially,

Dick Nixon
La Casa Pacifica
San Clemente, California

■ Dear Bill:

I appreciate your offer to reprint my letter in the NATIONAL REVIEW, but now that I have gotten it off my chest and the trial concerning the publication of Mr. Snepp's book will begin very shortly, I think it best that past comments I have made in writing should probably not be publicized at a time when such publicity might affect the trial. . . .

You can bet that, as you request, I am keeping my eyes on the Russian fleet—as well as on former CIA employees who write novels on intelligence without submitting them to me for clearance as required by their secrecy agreement. Yours,

Stansfield Turner
The Director
Central Intelligence Agency
Washington, D.C.

Dear Stan: Are you suggesting my novels have blown authorized CIA projects? Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mouthy!

Your ponderous, polysylaballic (?) verbosity gives me a royal pain in the ass. Talk plain English—like your brother. Glad he quit being Senator. He's too nice a guy to associate with those other crooks.

Carter & Koch should retire—no comment re Eddie Kennedy!

Cheers, egg head. [ANON.]

Dear [Anon.]: And cheers to you too! Cordially, Mouthy

■ To the Editor
The New Republic
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

In your issue of April 8, 1978, Mr. Henry Fairlie writes as follows: ". . . Yet the popular voice again and again comes to their [the conservatives'] rescue, often providing the only dependable support for their causes. One could go through the pages of the NATIONAL REVIEW, which really ought to be the voice of quixotic aristocratic sentiments, and show that nevertheless it is always ready to point to the popular voice in the polls for support. It is sad and affecting, but the Buckleys will stoop to conquer. We are told that this is what 'the people' want and believe, which is hardly the ground on which one would expect a conservative to take a stand."

One could more profitably go through the pages of the NATIONAL REVIEW and conclude that Mr. Fairlie is off his rocker. On the unusual occasion when we cite the polls, it is generally for the sake of identifying as of journalistic interest a trend. We do not consult them in quest of sanction, let alone authority. Perhaps Mr. Fairlie has us confused with another journal, concerning the identity of which I am uncurious. Yours truly,

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
—WFB

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FROM GUIDELINES TO CENSORSHIP?

One Writer's Testimony

JOHN UPDIKE

I AM HONORED TO have been asked to testify at this [House committee] hearing on the bill calling for a White House conference on the humanities: and that is the first piece of testimony I have to offer. We in the humanities, whether we call ourselves men of letters or men of scholarship, are fascinated and charmed by power, and anxious to please it. In the week after I accepted the invitation to speak here for five minutes today, I received from the National Endowment for the Humanities in a succession of envelopes at least two pounds of Xeroxed material, ranging from biographies of Chairman [Joseph] Duffey to appreciations of the paintings of Paul Cézanne, much of this material duplicatory and even triplicatory but all of it testifying to Brobdingnagian resources of secretarial labor and photocopying equipment. Now, a freelance writer, working in a corner of his own home, producing his manuscripts on his own twenty-year-old manual typewriter, operates on a Lilliputian scale, and must view even a marginal governmental interest in his work with the mingled gratitude and alarm of a wren whose nest is being appraised by an eagle.

The essence of government is concern for the widest possible public interest; the essence of the humanities, it seems to me, is private study, thought, and passion. Publicity is as essential to the one as privacy is to the other. Can these two realms, then, be conjoined without distortion? Is it true, as Joint Resolution 639 states, "that the development and encouragement of national strength in the humanities is of the utmost importance to the life and heritage of the United States," and "that it is appropriate to encourage maximum participation by citizens"?

I have been invited here not as judge or advocate but as a witness; it is appropriate that my testimony be personal. My career in the humanities has at many turns encountered my governments, federal, state, and local. I was educated in public schools, and when my interests ranged beyond the curriculum there I found ample material for exploration in the surprisingly well-stocked public library of a nearby city. As a young writer I applied for and received a grant given by a private foundation whose tax-exempt status represented an indirect government investment in the arts and humanities. As an older writer I have been blessed with government-sponsored memberships, invitations, and travels. My friendship with writers and critics pursuing careers in Communist and Third World countries has made me emphatically appreciative of the freedoms and opportunities I enjoy as an American. I love my country's government for its attempt, in a precarious world, to sustain a peaceful order in which work can be done and happiness can be pursued not for the good of the state, but in a state that exists for our good. I love my government not least for the extent to which it leaves me alone.

MY PERSONAL AMBITION has been simply to live by the work of my pen. This is not a very fastidious ambition, and if I were aware of a large amount of federal money available to purveyors of the written word I would attempt to gain access to it. But I would rather have as my patron a host of anonymous citizens digging into their own pockets for the price of a book or a magazine than a small body of enlightened and responsible men administering public funds. I would rather chance my personal vision of truth striking home here and there in the chaos of publication that exists than attempt to filter it through a few sets of official, honorably public-spirited scruples.

It can be said that the actual achievement of the National Endowment for the Humanities has been to expand the public exposure of privately produced works. The recent Cézanne show in New York was in a sense a triumph of government sponsorship; it was an event, a "hit," attracting such crowds to the Museum of Modern Art's first floor that for physical relief my wife and I went upstairs to the second floor, where those Cézannes in the museum's permanent collection not enlisted in the show downstairs hung on the walls unregarded, in the atmosphere of peaceful waiting—the paintings waiting in line, not the people—that I associate with museums and with art appreciation. Where a governmental scale obtains, a single juggler becomes a circus, and quantity confuses itself with quality.

The danger is not as blunt as direct censorship. In a family where all the children are regularly given candy, the withholding of such a bonus becomes a rebuke. A cultural totalitarianism enforces by such withholding more often than by overt penalties. There already exists in the academic world a highly developed art of grant application; the realms of scientific research are now inextricably involved with government funding. Can we reasonably fear that the humanities might become similarly dependent?

If I try to think of writers who, in the last century, have most brilliantly illuminated our sense of humanity, which I take to be the end purpose of the humanities, I think of Freud and Kafka, of Proust and Joyce, of Whitman and Henry James, and wonder, How many of these brave, strange, stubborn spirits would have won a subsidy from their governments? I think a government, in time, can come to cherish a nation's cultural heritage, its creators safely dead and in perspective. But in the living present how can publicly salaried men *not* think in terms of respectability, of socially beneficial optimism, of wide and uncontroversial appeal? How can legislators asked to vote tax money away *not* begin to think of "guidelines" that insidiously edge toward censorship? If government money becomes an increasingly important presence in the financing of the humanities, is there a danger, I respectfully ask, of humanists becoming politicians? □

Mr. Updike's latest book is The Coup, *a novel to be published this fall.*

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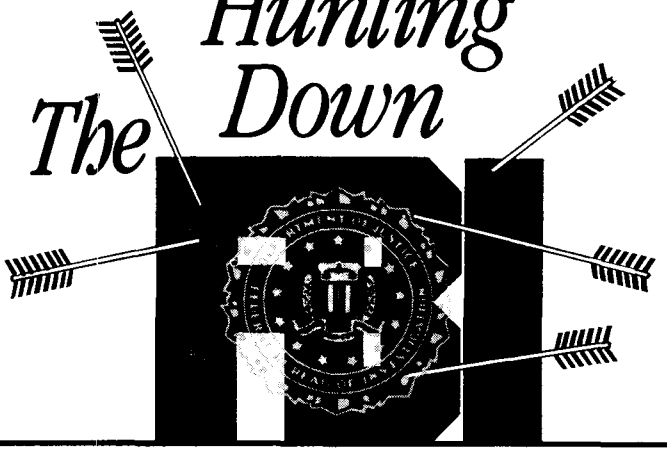
The Hunting Down



KEVIN LYNCH RICHARD BROOKHISER

In May of 1970, Miss Bernardine Dohrn, leader of the Weatherman faction of the Students for a Democratic Society, announced a shift in policy:

> Now we are adapting the classic guerrilla strategy of the Vietcong and the urban guerrilla strategy of the Tupamaros to our situation here in the most technically advanced country in the world. . . . Within the next 14 days we will attack a symbol or institution of American injustice. This is the way we celebrate the example of Eldridge Cleaver and H. Rap Brown and all black revolutionaries who first inspired us by their fight behind enemy lines for the liberation of the people.

Miss Dohrn's organization had inadvertently tipped its hand two months earlier when a nail-packed anti-personnel bomb exploded in a Greenwich Village townhouse, shredding three Weatherman manufacturers. Subsequent bombs were better built, and, over the next two years, the Weathermen—later known as the Weather Underground—claimed credit for explosions in Cambridge, Chicago, Marin County, Calif., and, in Washington, D.C., the Capitol building and the Pentagon. Thereafter, their activities fell off, though as late as 1975 they acknowledged bombings of the State Department, a New York bank, and the Kennecott Copper Building in Salt Lake City.

On April 10, 1978, a federal grand jury indicted a lawyer from Stonington, Connecticut, and two other former government employees in connection with the Weather Underground episodes. Later that day, the Justice Department dismissed related charges against an executive of Wells Fargo. What made the government's actions interesting was that the four men were not ex-bombers, but ex-members of the FBI; and they had been charged with infringing the civil rights of friends and acquaintances of the Weathermen.

The Justice Department has been pursuing the FBI angle of the Weather Underground case since the spring of 1976. The assignment to track the terrorists down had originally been given to FBI Squad 47, based in New York; in the course of its investigations, the civil rights division of the Justice Department found that Squad 47 had tapped the phones of 12 persons and opened the mail of 16. Grand juries were impaneled to investigate the Bureau, and agents of the Squad found themselves haled for questioning.

The lawyers of the Justice team were more interested in FBI higher-ups than in Squad 47, however; and so they employed the use-immunity law, by which witnesses before grand juries can be forced to testify against themselves, with the assurance that their testimony will not be used against them. The tactic worked until the investigation reached John Kearney. Kearney had been supervisor of Squad 47 from late 1970 to June 1972, and Justice offered to let him plead guilty to minor charges of civil-rights violations if he would finger his superiors. But Kearney, believing himself innocent of any wrongdoing, refused to cooperate. Justice squeezed but Kearney wouldn't budge. On April 7, 1977, he was indicted on two counts of conspiracy, two counts of obstruction of correspondence, and one count of unlawful wiretapping. The statute of limitations would have run out two months later.

The Kearney indictment—the first indictment of an agent in the Bureau's 54-year history—stirred both the FBI and the Justice Department. Former and current agents leapt to Kearney's defense, while some Justice lawyers accused Attorney General Griffin Bell of not pushing the investigation high and hard enough. The lawyers were answered on April 10, 1978, when former Acting Director L. Patrick Gray, former Chief of Counterintelligence Edward Miller, and former Acting Associate Director W. Mark Felt were indicted for conspiring to deprive citizens of their civil rights. At the same time, Bell announced that the FBI would undertake disciplinary proceedings against 69 of its members, including J. Wallace LaPrade, head of the New York field office. In a postscript, the prosecution of Kearney was dropped.

The case against Kearney rested on two basic charges: unlawful wiretapping and unlawful mail-opening. Until 1972, the FBI, with the blessing of several Attorneys General, had routinely conducted wiretaps on domestic organizations without getting warrants. Appearing before a Senate Appropriations subcommittee a few weeks after Kearney's indictment, Attorney General Bell acknowledged that what Kearney did "has been going on for forty years in this country." In 1963, for example, no less a civil libertarian than Attorney General Robert Kennedy, when informed that an advisor to Martin Luther King Jr. was suspected of having Communist

Mr. Lynch and Mr. Brookhiser are NR *editors. Much of the information for this article was provided by Francis McNamara, former Chief Counsel of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee.*

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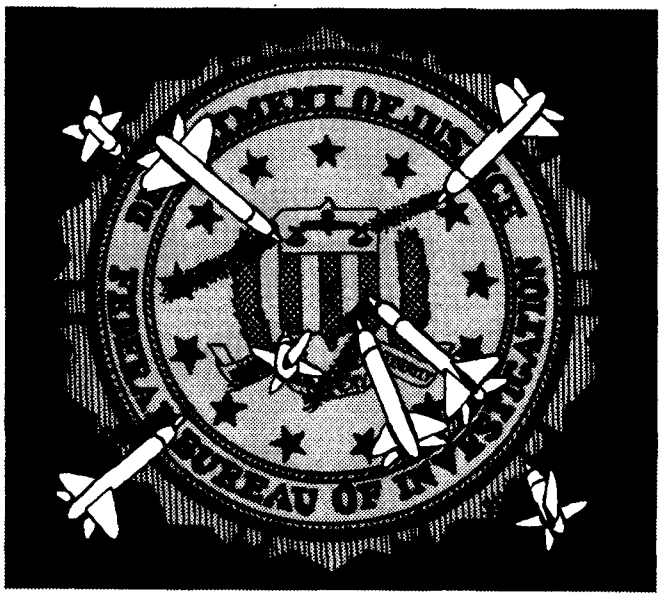
ties, suggested to J. Edgar Hoover that the FBI should begin wiretapping King. In 1972, the Supreme Court ruled that warrants were required for taps on domestic organizations, but the Court didn't require warrants if the tapped organizations had "significant" ties with a foreign power, its agents, or its agencies. Lest there be any doubt about whether the Weather Underground had such ties, the FBI has compiled a four-hundred-page report detailing its relationships with foreign powers, particularly Cuba, a frequent host to the Weather Underground ever since the group's founding in 1969.

The mail-opening charge was as securely based as the wiretapping charge. Mail-opening, like wiretapping, had long been a routine FBI tool. In a memorandum to Attorney General Bell, Kearney's defenders noted that former Attorney General Levi, when forced to make a decision on whether to prosecute agents for opening mail, chose not to: "Whatever can be said about the law now, the Department believes at the time the potential defendants acted, there was substantial basis for thinking that the law was otherwise."

In order to avoid such confusions, the Justice Department rephrased its second batch of charges. Gray, Miller, and Felt are accused of conspiring "to injure and oppress citizens of the United States"; the indictment cites as "overt acts" break-ins at the homes of eight relatives and friends of the Weathermen. Justice's new argument was deliberately modeled on *United States* v. *Ehrlichman*, another case involving a high federal official and a break-in; and it seems tailored to outflank several defenses along the lines of those that Kearney's lawyers were planning.

THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT charges, new and old, have caused unprecedented consternation in the Bureau. Agents, normally as vocal as door-jambs, are speaking out singly and *en masse*. When Kearney made his pleas in Manhattan a year ago, three hundred agents greeted him—the first public demonstration, the *New York Daily News* noted, in FBI history. On April 20 of this year nearly a thousand people, most of them agents, gathered outside the District Court in Washington, D.C. to applaud Gray, Miller, and Felt as they went to make their pleas; among them were two hundred agents who had come from New York on pre-dawn buses.



Meanwhile, in private, individual agents have been accusing the Justice Department of vendetta—or of ambition. "There are certain lawyers in Justice," commented one, "who want to see our heads roll so they can take credit for rooting out so-called corruption in the FBI. It's a big career-builder at the expense of men who honestly thought they were acting within the law."

Against all this, the Justice Department would surely maintain that it is striving to right old wrongs. The FBI over-

I feel I should consult a lawyer before carrying out an assignment. How can I know if my superiors are acting properly?

reacted in its pursuit of the Weathermen, they would say; "the risks to national security in this case," Benjamin Civiletti of the Department's Criminal Division told the *Washington Post*, "were ephemeral." Others, with longer memories, support the FBI. As Representative John Rousselot (R., Calif.) reminded the House,

> It would be naïve to presume—in those troubled days of the early Seventies—that the Department of Justice, the Federal Government, and the investigative news media had no inkling of the extraordinary efforts and measures employed by the FBI to apprehend these threats to national security. Yet there was no public outcry during the emergency. But now, in a different era, when the challenge has been met and the nation is no longer at the mercy of this little band of bombers, an entirely new viewpoint—and an entirely new set of rules—is being applied.

The new set of rules enables the former quarry to turn on their pursuers. So far, five civil suits have been filed against Kearney, Miller, and Felt, all spawned by allegations made in the original Kearney indictment. Also named in the suits are half a dozen other present and former FBI and Justice Department personnel.

Among the first to bring suit was William A. Price, whose phone Squad 47 is alleged to have tapped and whose leftist credentials range from a 1956 appearance before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, where he refused to answer questions about his relationship with the Communist Party of the United States, to a 1971 trip to Cuba with a contingent of the Venceremos Brigade. The law firm handling the suit is Rabinowitz, Boudin, and Standard, and it must be deriving as much pleasure from the suit as Mr. Price. The firm is the New York counsel of the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, a legal arm of the CPUSA and a leader in the campaign against U.S. intelligence agencies. Leonard Boudin, whose leftist credentials are in even better order than Price's, is, in addition, the father of Kathy Boudin, a member of the Weather Underground who is still being sought by the FBI (recent speculation places her well beyond the Bureau's reach: in the Soviet Union).

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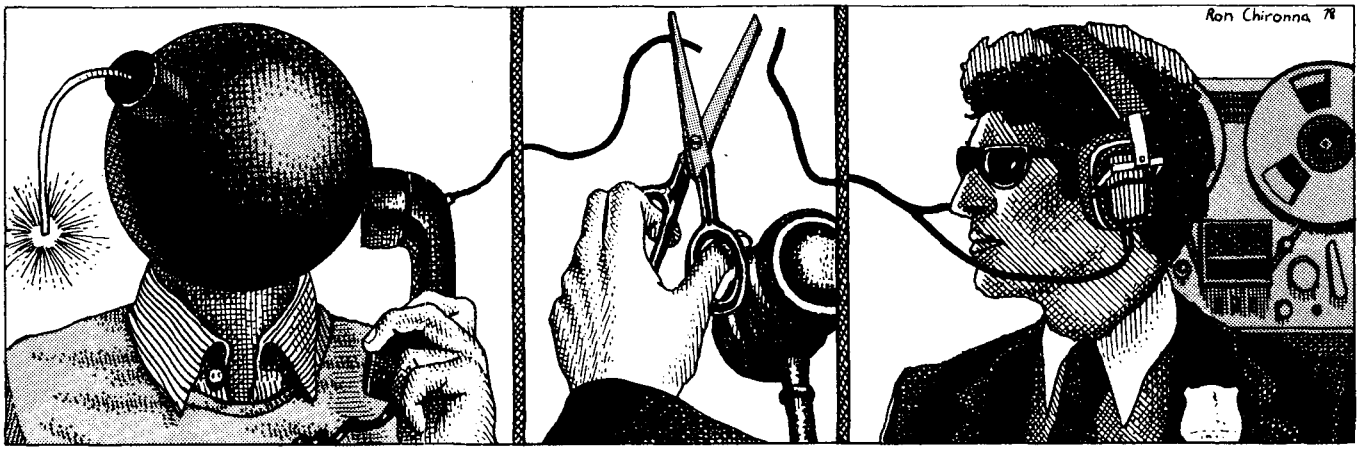
Though civil suits against federal employees are not a new phenomenon, they have never been as popular as they are now. Since the civil suit is a relatively easy way to gain free publicity, many leftist organizations, in particular, are going this route. Of such suits, the one generally recognized as posing the greatest threat to U.S. intelligence services is the one brought by the Socialist Workers Party. The SWP, the major Trotskyist organ in the United States, pledged itself at its founding to the defense of the Soviet Union, and reaffirmed that commitment in 1972. From 1938, when it was first organized, until 1976, when Attorney General Levi issued guidelines that barred the FBI from further investigations of it, the SWP was under government surveillance. It learned of that surveillance through the theft, by persons still unknown, of documents from the FBI office in Media, Pennsylvania. In July 1973, shortly after that theft, the SWP filed suit against 22 members of the FBI, the CIA, the Postal Service, and the Treasury, Justice, and Defense Departments. Although the suit is still in the discovery stage, the Trotskyists have already scored several significant victories: 1) access (as a result of favorable discovery rulings by Federal District Judge Thomas Griesa) to fifty thousand FBI documents relating to the Bureau's investigation; 2) proof that the CIA collected information on SWP officials and members when they traveled abroad; 3) evidence that the civil suits were reducing FBI intelligence collection (an agent has testified that even before Levi's guidelines were issued, the Bureau had reduced its investigation of the SWP because the "agents don't want to be put in a position where they are accused of harassment"); 4) a warning by Judge Griesa that he would consider imprisoning FBI officials or other persons who defied a court order to disclose the names of informers still in place.

To gain some idea of how great the boom in civil suits against federal employees has been, one need only look at the Justice Department's annual bills for private counsel. In 1974, the Department paid $12,000 for private attorneys to represent government employees; in 1975, it paid $47,800; in 1976, it paid $554,306; and in 1977, it paid over $2 million. The cost of private counsel has risen so astronomically—the bill for the SWP suit alone is expected to reach almost $2 million—that the Department has had to request supplemental appropriations from Congress, some of whose members have been extremely recalcitrant. Speaking of one intelligence-related suit, in which the defendants range from several GIs to the Secretary of Defense, Senator Lowell Weicker told Attorney General Bell, "Brother, if you think I want to go ahead and pay any portion of their legal defense, I sure don't." Weicker informed Bell that he looked with a "very, very jaundiced eye" on requests for money to defend "unlawful" intelligence actions; such requests were based, he said, on reasoning—that the defendants were following orders—rejected "at the Nuremberg trials."

Weicker must be relieved, then, to know that the Justice Department is not bearing the costs of Kearney's defense, for which he should thank Attorney General Levi. Shortly before the end of the Ford Administration, Levi issued guidelines strictly defining the areas of federal obligation. According to the guidelines, government employees would have to bear the costs of their own defense: 1) if, as in Kearney's case, a federal indictment had been filed against them; 2) if investigation indicated such an indictment was likely; 3) if investigation revealed evidence of participation in a crime; or 4) if the employees' action did not reasonably appear to have been within the scope of their normal duties.

Although he has not chosen to amend the guidelines, Levi's successor, Griffin Bell, has expressed his dissatisfaction with them. Bell told a Senate Appropriations subcommittee that he thought it was a "great shame" that these men—Kearney and the other FBI agents who are facing civil suits—will be stripped of "their money, their life savings, to pay their lawyers when they thought they were doing something in the interest of their country." Bell was undoubtedly aware of what the threat of civil suits has done to FBI effectiveness—to say nothing of morale. "I feel I should consult a lawyer before carrying out an assignment," a New York agent said. "How can I know if my superiors are acting properly? Or, even if they are, that some lawyer in Justice isn't going to interpret something as a crime that previously was standard procedure?"

Some members of Congress have, accordingly, introduced legislation to make federal employees less vulnerable to bounty hunters. One bill, proposed by the Carter Administration, would grant federal employees immunity to civil suits by substituting the government as defendant whenever the Attorney General determines that the original target of the suit was acting within the scope of his normal duties. In the event that the government lost the case and damages were assessed against it, the employee in question would be subject



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to disciplinary and administrative action—or, if his actions were found to be criminal, to prosecution. The bill stipulates, however, that a "good-faith reliance on a court order or legislative authorization shall constitute a complete defense to any claim or suit arising under the Constitution." Introduced in the Senate by James Eastland and in the House by Peter Rodino—the chairmen of their respective Judiciary Committees—the bill's chances for passage are considered good.

In the meantime, the more than one hundred active and former special agents who have been summoned before grand juries to testify about the FBI's Weather Underground program have had to rely for their legal defense on the fund-raising abilities of two organizations, the Society of Former Special Agents of the FBI and the Ad Hoc Citizens' Legal Defense Fund for the FBI. The former group is 41 years old and, until the plague of litigation hit, functioned mainly as a charitable and benevolent organization; it also undertook, since active FBI agents are by law forbidden from Capitol Hill, to present the FBI viewpoint there. But at present, most of the Society's energies are consumed in raising funds ($300,000 so far) to defend the accused agents. The other organization, the Citizens' Legal Defense Fund, is much younger (founded in May of last year) and owes its existence solely to the character of John Kearney. By April 8, the day after his indictment, one of his colleagues at Wells Fargo (where he had gone to work after he retired from the FBI), James Brustman, had already launched a campaign to defend him. Out of Brustman's efforts evolved the Citizens' Legal Defense Fund.

The real question today is what are we saying to the members of terrorist groups in this country and throughout the world

Headed by Clare Boothe Luce, James Buckley, and William Simon, the Legal Defense Fund has most certainly struck a chord; it has been deluged by letters expressing a heartfelt bitterness toward the Weather Underground—and toward the U.S. Government for prosecuting a loyal employee. So far, about fifteen thousand people have made donations, including Barry Goldwater, Leon Jaworski, and a retiree who, along with his donation, offered to take Kearney's place in jail. Enough money came in to enlist the services of Edward Bennett Williams, the noted trial attorney, on Kearney's behalf.

Since the Legal Defense Fund was also providing money for the other agents who had been summoned before grand juries in New York and Washington, its resources, like those of the Society of Former Special Agents, were strained. Now, with the indictments of Gray, Miller, and Felt, they will be strained even further. More money, in larger donations, would undoubtedly come in if contributions were tax-exempt, but the Internal Revenue Service has denied the Defense Fund's request for status as a tax-exempt organization. That decision is being appealed on several grounds—perhaps the most interesting being that, while the IRS has denied the Legal Defense Fund tax-exempt status, it has seen fit to grant it to Mr. Boudin's National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, which is supporting one of the civil suits against Kearney.

Even more important than the injury to individual agents is what litigation does to FBI effectiveness, as demonstrated in the SWP suit. An intelligence organization that is unable to protect its sources gets very little intelligence; if Judge Griesa's decision to compel the Justice Department to disclose the names of the FBI informants inside the SWP is upheld by higher courts, the FBI will be dealt a paralyzing blow. Even without the help of Judge Griesa, the FBI, like the CIA, is already getting much less intelligence than it did just a few years ago.

Stuart Knight, director of the Secret Service, has testified before the Senate Subcommittee on Criminal Laws and Procedures that his organization is only receiving about 40 to 50 per cent of the intelligence information it received two years ago, primarily because of the Freedom of Information Act and the Privacy Act. The FOIA, which was widely greeted as a legislative watershed, gives individuals and organizations the right to obtain information about themselves in the possession of government agencies. The Privacy Act prevents the Federal Government from releasing information about anyone without his consent. Knight said that—as a consequence of these laws—he has been forced to recommend that President Carter not visit certain cities because of the erosion of police intelligence on radicals and terrorists in those cities. The police in most cities now routinely withhold intelligence information from the FBI and the CIA out of fear that the agencies will be forced to disclose the information under the FOIA. Meanwhile, because of the Privacy Act, the FBI no longer provides police and other local law-enforcement agencies with the information it once did.

As the intelligence agencies weaken, the morale of their organized opponents rises. In January of last year the National Lawyers Guild convened a meeting to address the "need for unified action around the country to stop political spying." Out of this meeting, the Campaign to Stop Government Spying was born. Headed by Morton Halperin, the CSGS is an umbrella group composed of 45 member organizations and 33 "cooperating organizations." Its membership ranges from soigné organizations like the Americans for Democratic Action and the Friends of the Earth to groups that, in a bygone era, were referred to as Communist fronts—the National Lawyers Guild and the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. The CSGS sees no need for subterfuge. Recognizing that the intelligence agencies have been stunned by the law suits, by the various state and federal laws sharply restricting intelligence gathering, and by the increasing pressure from a generally hostile media, it hopes to close in for the kill—to terminate all intelligence surveillance. To this end it is on record as favoring legislation that confines the FBI solely to criminal investigations of persons reasonably suspected of having committed a federal crime.

Meanwhile, although the Carter Administration hasn't yet issued its promised regulations for the CIA and the FBI, Vice President Mondale has gone on record as stating that the guidelines would prohibit the FBI from investigating political organizations in the name of "domestic security." Mondale

(Continues on page 671)

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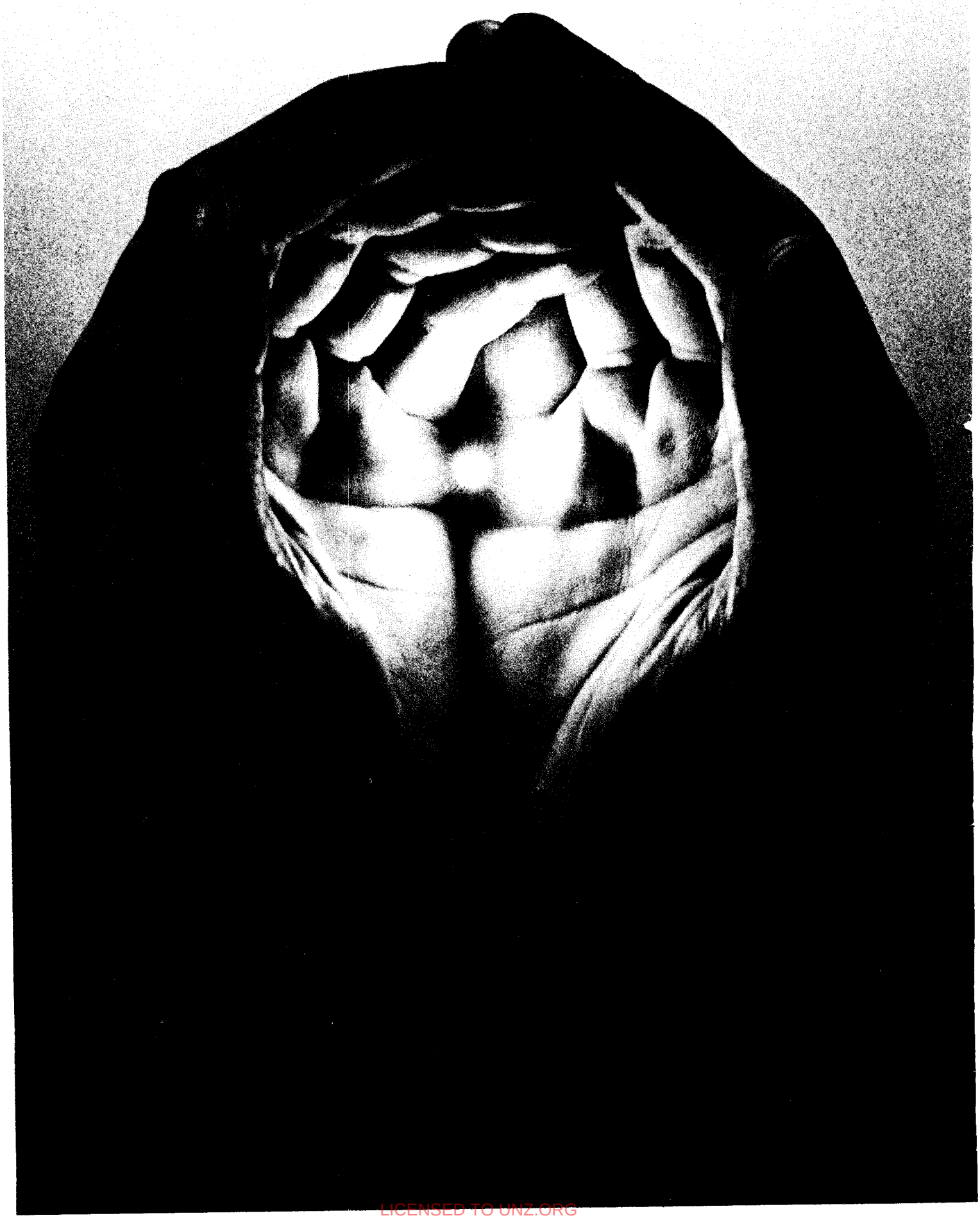

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Today, over 300 different types of Bell System equipment utilize LED's.

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Working together to keep your phone system the best in the world.

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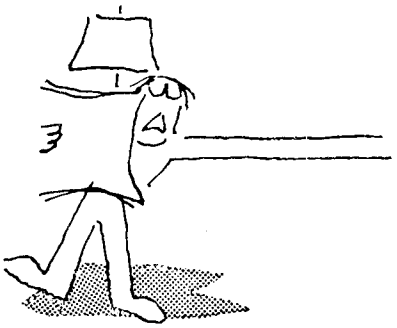

"JUST BECAUSE I SOUND LIKE ERIC SEVAREID REGURGITATING TOM WICKER DOESN'T MEAN I'M NOT AN INDEPENDENT THINKER . . .

DON'T YOU KNOW ABOUT THE

"GREETINGS, BRETHREN!"

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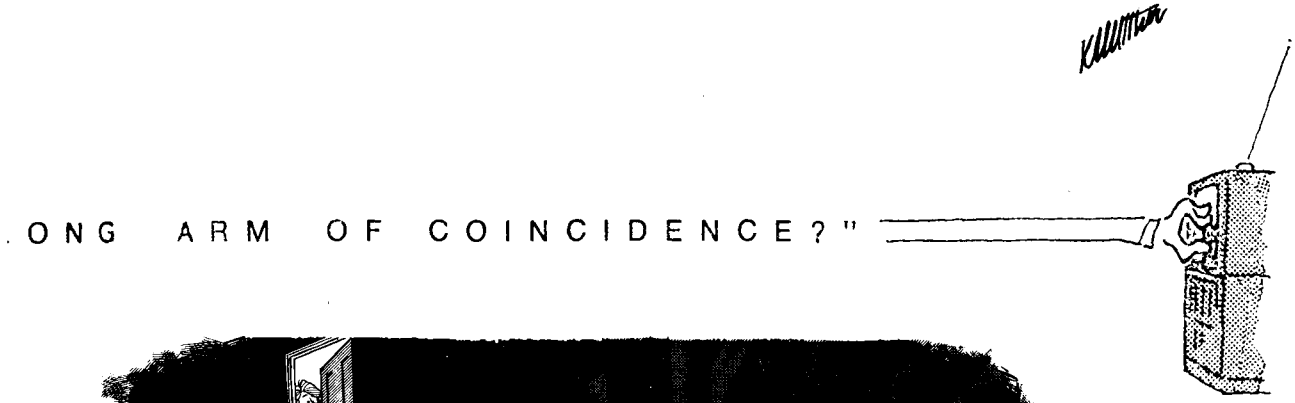

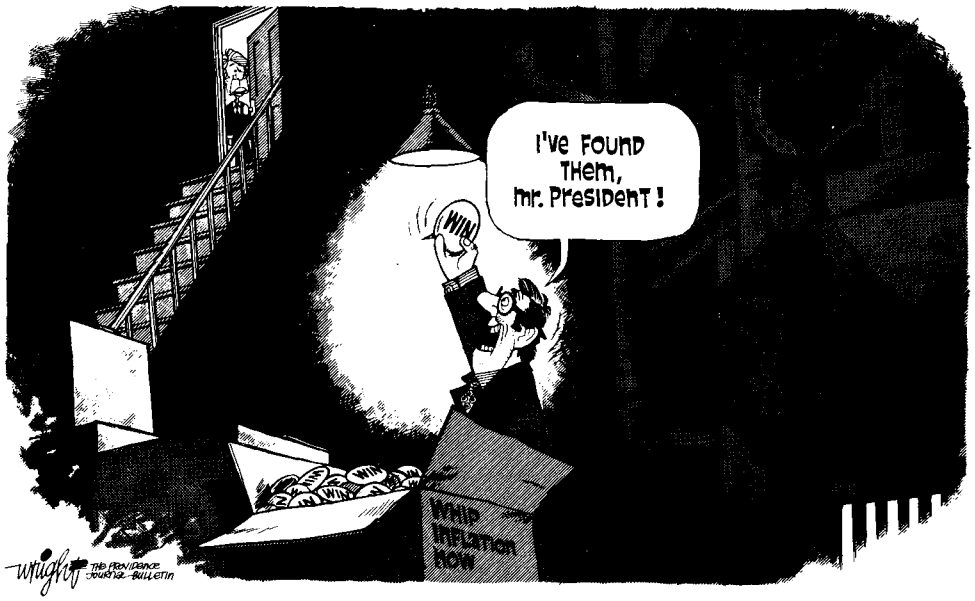
I've found them, mr. President!
WIN
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ON SUMMITRY

A Plea for the Old

JOHN DAVIS LODGE

THE TERM "summit meeting" was coined by Winston Churchill during World War II. He used it in a public statement to describe a meeting of the top leaders in the struggle against the Axis powers: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, Josef Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek, and, on occasion, Charles de Gaulle.

In wartime, when authoritative decisions have to be made expeditiously, meetings at the summit—summitry—became a virtual necessity. The term, like so many of Churchill's expressions, is accurate and evocative. They met as on a mountain top, like a court of last resort. They at the summit had the power, the right, the obligation, the opportunity, to make momentous decisions.

Since the end of World War II, summit conferences have served convenience and personal preference but not usually urgent necessity. They have on occasion produced notable results. The most recent and dramatic example was the Sadat-Begin meeting in Israel, when the Middle East turmoil had reached a critical point.

Less Is More

In general, however, summit conferences should be employed sparingly. In a summit meeting the nations play their last cards first (except when a referendum or legislative ratification is involved to confirm what has been agreed to at the summit); whereas in most cases it is desirable to play your last card last. The Secretary of State should make maximum use of ambassadors and assistant secretaries and give himself the protection, the flexibility, and the advantage such a method affords. He comes into the picture only if all else fails. The President in turn, gets involved only when the Secretary of State considers it desirable or indispensable.

This diplomatic method prevailed before World War II; it has been well described by Harold Nicolson, in his masterly treatise on diplomacy. It tends to be more anonymous, less dramatic, less titillating, less interesting for the media, and more effective in the long run. It has many advantages. Mistakes can be admitted and corrected outside the glare of publicity. It leaves more margin for error. It enables junior officials to achieve significant successes while keeping the summit powder dry. Under this system, the Secretary of State is not always in the spotlight. He can stay home and administer the State Department, a vital task all too often neglected by peripatetic Secretaries of State.

Settling matters by consultation and negotiation at the level of ambassadors and assistant secretaries means that the Secretary of State and the President are held in reserve. They constitute a line of retreat and not a prong of an attack. It is a more prudent method. It takes more time, and this time lag in many cases represents a diplomatic advantage—time to cool off. It is often advisable not to rush in headlong with the first team: if the first team fails, the damage may be hard to repair; if an ambassador fails, it is his personal failure, which, while unfortunate, does not constitute a national calamity. The ambassador can take the blame, and this in many cases accrues to the advantage of the country. These older tactics, if pursued, would encourage a more retiring attitude on the part of the President and the Secretary, a willingness on their part to achieve a desired diplomatic result even at the expense of domestic political advantage and considerations. Incidentally, morale in the Foreign Service and in the Department of State would improve. It would give other high-ranking officials a place in the sun, and lower-ranking officials would have the gratifying experience of seeing their efforts recognized.

Slower and Safer

Summitry represents the star system, under which responsibility and power are concentrated in a very few, e.g., Mr. Sadat and Mr. Begin. It has been used with historic results. The non-summit system, the system under which the President and the Secretary of State enter the picture only *in extremis*, spreads the responsibility. It is slower and safer. It keeps open an optimum number of options. It is more flexible. It avoids brinkmanship.

In the headlong rush of events, in a world contracted by science and by rapid communication, it may be just as well on occasion to slow things down. Dilatoriness is frequently equated with bureaucratic inefficiency. But dilatoriness can also be a deliberate diplomatic device. It is difficult for mortal men and women to work effectively with the entire world looking over their shoulders.

Summitry can be dramatic, effective, satisfying. But the less glamorous, more secure, tried-and-true diplomatic method should not be lost in the summit shuffle. □

Mr. Lodge, a former governor of Connecticut, also served as ambassador to Spain and to Argentina under Eisenhower and Nixon.

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LETTER FROM FRANKFURT

End of the German Miracle?

PAUL McGOULDRICK

THE DEATH OF Ludwig Erhard —the former West German Chancellor who, as Minister of Economic Affairs, was the architect of the nation's return to a free-market economy after defeat and occupation in World War II—was mourned here in Germany by members of all parties. For his passing coincided with economic difficulties which may seem small in contrast to those of Britain and Italy but have a significance all their own. That significance is the long-run impossibility of combining current levels of state transfers and expenditures with full employment and sustainable growth, even when the monetary management of the economy is very competent and other conditions seem to be near-ideal.

The last point needs stressing. West Germany is not plagued with political instability, like Italy; in the federal elections a year ago, the Communists and neo-Nazis each polled a derisory 0.2 per cent of the vote. Unlike their Scandinavian counterparts, German unions have not demanded and received double-digit annual wage settlements. Unlike their British counterparts in the Labor Party, German Social Democrats have been a sober and intelligent lot in macroeconomic policymaking. In the Godesberg program passed in 1959, the Social Democrats forswore experiments in nationalization and interference with business decision-making; by and large, their party kept this promise when it acceded to power a decade later. And for historical reasons, including an altogether praiseworthy scorn of funny-money schemes by classical Marxist forebears such as Karl Kautsky and Rudolf Hilferding, the Social Democratic government has rejected inflating the money supply as a cure for unemployment. Indeed, their Chancellor Helmut Schmidt has been lecturing fellow socialists in other countries on the evils of inflation with all the fervor of a Texas banker or Chicago economist. And this was not just lip-service; the rate of inflation here has been lowered to 3.3 per cent a year, lower than that of any other West European country except for the Swiss paragon. Exports and imports have boomed, the currency has appreciated, and GNP grew at nearly 6 per cent in real terms during 1976, though growth slumped to 4 per cent in 1977.

If German economic developments have proved anything, it is that a central bank can control inflation even though the central government runs large deficits. During the 1974-75 depression, the central bank and the fiscal authorities decided to fight inflation and unemployment simultaneously by a mix of tight monetary and loose fiscal policies. The government ran deficits which were proportionately greater than those of the Ford and Carter Administrations, whether measured as actual deficits or on a full-employment basis. Simultaneously, however, the central bank announced that it would aim at annual money supply growth targets published in advance and set with a view toward reducing inflation. It has managed to hit these targets despite short-term divergences ascribable to a lingering habit of attempting to avoid "over-rapid" swings in market interest rates.

THE RESULTS bore out the predictions, not of the neo-Keynesians, but of the monetarists. Despite large and growing government deficits, the rate of inflation declined steadily from the 1973 peak of 7 per cent to the present rate of 3.3 per cent. (If the federal government had increased revenues by increasing the income tax instead of the value-added tax, the inflation rate would have fallen to 2.5 per cent.) For in the face of monetary restraint, the government deficits simply crowded out private borrowing in financial markets instead of causing inflationary increases in demand. At this point, according to neo-Keynesian economics, the loose fiscal and tight monetary policies should have pushed interest rates up. Instead, interest rates declined steadily from their 1973 peaks, so that long-term bonds are now yielding around 6.5 per cent.

But the other side of the coin is that very heavy deficit spending has had almost no measurable impact on unemployment, except possibly in limiting its spread at the peak of the 1974-75 recession. There are still a million men and women (4.6 per cent of the labor force) unemployed after two years of recovery. This may seem moderate compared to the situation in America, but there are technical differences in computation, and the German rate would be somewhat higher if adjusted to American measurement concepts. Furthermore, large-scale unemployment is new here. In the 1950s and 1960s, the demand for workers was so intense that more than two million foreign workers had to be recruited to fill vacant jobs. But today high unemployment persists, and foreign workers are no longer being recruited. The growth of real GNP has slackened since 1976, with many economists expecting it to sag yet further (a 3.5 per cent rate is predicted for 1978).

Why this unemployment and decelerating growth? Mainstream German economists of all views have developed a surprising consensus about it, despite individual stress on one or another element in the picture. GNP growth, they say, has slackened because private investment failed to pick up as expected. That failure occurred because profits have been eroded by large increases in real wages and in what Professor Arthur Laffer of USC terms the "wedge" (made up of payments to the state) between what an employer pays for labor and what a worker receives for it after deductions. (See his "Unemployment and Taxes," *NR*, February 4, 1977.) Rising labor costs have also generated high unemployment very directly, by inducing employers to dismiss low-productivity employees. Finally, growing unemployment benefits combined with tax and contribution burdens

Mr. McGouldrick wrote this article while a guest professor at the Johann Goethe University in Frankfurt. He has since returned to the State University of New York at Binghamton.

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on employed workers have decreased incentives to work, so that some unemployment at least is voluntary.

Increases in real wages have not been due to any sudden accretion of union power. The unions are strong now, but they were nearly as powerful during the Adenauer-Erhard years of low unemployment and balanced budgets. The major difficulty in private employer–union settlements is the same as has been noted in many countries: the supply of labor, competitive or unionized, is slow to respond to either an acceleration or a slackening of inflation. When inflation is starting, this slowness of response benefits the employment situation for some time; but when inflation is ending, the unemployment bill still has to be paid for several years running. However, this source of disturbance could be expected to work itself out gradually if other factors were not darkening the employment scene.

One such factor has already been noted: the wedge of increasing payroll taxes and pension and welfare contributions shouldered by employers; this wedge was legislated by past governments as well as the current Social Democratic one. If there is any point on which macroeconomists, whether they are of monetarist or Keynesian persuasion, agree, it is that total national demand for labor is determined by labor's productivity and its cost to employers. Increase the cost of labor by taxation, and the consequence will be a decrease in employment. This employer response can be traced in the pattern of private business investment. While total investment has not recovered significantly since the recession bottom was reached, investment in machinery and other equipment has boomed, as employers have attempted to increase labor productivity. By and large they have been successful in so doing, but the consequence has been the substitution of machines for marginally employed workers.

Another consequence of the pattern of wage settlements and taxes is a heavy concentration of unemployment among the unskilled, the young, and women. Except in the construction and steel industries, skilled workers are almost uniformly in short supply. This also can be traced to government and union policies. The Social Democratic government has been as unskillful in microeconomic policy as it is competent in macroeconomics. It attempted to "protect" apprentices in industry by legislating improvements in their working conditions and apprenticeship terms; the result was a drying up of apprentice hirings. For several years running, unions insisted on equal absolute increases in wages, narrowing wage differentials and thus constricting the supply and training of skilled workers. The government and unions have also made it legally difficult for firms to dismiss workers once hired; the response has been that employers have preferred paying overtime during the current recovery rather than taking on additional workers. And regulation always generates more regulation: one member of the government has proposed a tax on overtime to induce more hiring.

Government policies have constricted not only labor demand, but also labor supply. Unemployment benefits were raised to between 70 and 80 per cent of normal wages, with the result that workers have increasingly been reluctant to take anything but the best jobs. When one factory in Nuremberg was hiring, only 14 of the 38 workers who were referred to it by the labor office showed up to be interviewed. Of the 14, only six were willing to take jobs, and only one of the six was still employed there half a year later.

One way for putative job-seekers to persuade employers to write "not qualified" on work referral slips, thus ensuring continuance of unemployment benefits, is to drink a substantial quantity of schnapps before job interviews. Another is to dress badly, which is always frowned upon in Germany. On one memorable occasion, a worker turned down a job because he could not find players of Skat, the national card game, on the commuter train. It is impossible to quantify the extent of such job refusals, but press reports suggest that they are substantial.

To sum up, the unemployment crisis in West Germany today has arisen because welfare and other benefits have eroded incentives both to offer and to accept jobs. No political instability, or bad fiscal and monetary management of the British kind, has obscured this connection here. And since those who actually do hold jobs are in the great majority, it seems politically impossible to lower unemployment by reducing wage and tax burdens on employers. This seems to be conceded implicitly by government spokesmen and union officials, who have advanced a barrage of proposals whose effect would be, not to reduce unemployment, but to disguise it. One, put forward by a union leader in Denmark, is to urge employed workers to take voluntary "sabbaticals" every seven years, changing places with the unemployed. German proposals have included raising the school-leaving age by a year, reducing the retirement age to sixty or even 59, giving female employees a year of paid leave after the birth of a child, paying $128 a month to mothers of young children who quit their jobs to "educate" their children, and reducing the over-all work week by two hours. Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, a professionally trained economist, shows no signs of accepting such labored disguises of continued high unemployment. But he and other economists have failed to come up with any proposal for change that would be both fundamentally sound and politically acceptable.

Just as war is too important to leave to the generals, so welfare is too important to leave to the welfarists. It would help if debate in West Germany and elsewhere would shift away from the total size of the welfare burden (though this is an important issue in its own right) to the matter of how it is financed and administered. The root problem is that the financing and administration of welfare programs abolish jobs because beneficiaries must work less or not at all if they are to receive them, while employers are assessed taxes and "contributions" proportionate to the work which they offer. The appropriate remedy is a shift of burdens away from output and employment toward income, and a restructuring so that less tax is paid on marginal profits from increased output and marginal labor income from seeking and finding jobs. Unless this restructuring is accomplished, West Germany (and the United States) will continue to dabble with schemes to disguise or redistribute unemployment that will only result in further curtailing employment and growth. □

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KTO–KOGO

Nominative/Accusative

GEORGE M. YOUNG JR.

LENIN ONCE WROTE that morality in politics is essentially a matter of *kto–kogo*: who is doing it to whom. When we're the ones doing it, we are working for progress, justice, the iron laws of history. But when we're the ones it's being done to, we immediately become victims of plots nefarious, injustice cruel, atrocities inhuman —and worse.

Brezhnev may not be the linguist Lenin was, but everything he's done since coming to power indicates that he has a good working understanding of the difference between the nominative and the accusative of the pronoun *kto* (who). In the famous Brezhnev Doctrine enunciated in 1968, for instance, this student of Lenin demonstrated such a mastery of the principle of *kto–kogo* that he managed to convince nearly all his countrymen (and a surprising number of ours) that the benevolent Russian liberation of Czechoslovakia bore no resemblance whatever to the criminal American invasion of Vietnam, and that people of conscience throughout the world should overlook the necessarily firm measures employed by the liberators, while continuing to demonstrate fresh moral outrage at every atrocity committed by the invaders.

Similarly, official Soviet publications —even during detente—have never ceased to encourage blacks, American Indians, and all other "oppressed peoples" of North America to unite and rise against their Pentagon–Wall Street capitalist oppressors. But one word of encouragement from an American President to Soviet dissidents represents, under *kto–kogo*, an appalling return to outdated cold war rhetoric. It's in the interests of world peace and friendship that the Soviets roll out the red carpet for an Angela Davis, but when we do the same for a Vladimir Bukovsky we're clearly stirring up distrust and hatred. For Brezhnev and his followers, detente has never meant an end to the just and heroic struggle of socialism against capitalism—just an end to capitalism's reactionary opposition to that struggle.

The Soviets have had their own way for so long that they—and perhaps we as well—were stunned by President Carter's early statement, bland as it was, on human rights. The problem is that, having made his statement, Carter seems to think he has done all that is required. We should be concerned not that Carter may jeopardize trade and arms agreements by going too far, but that he may let the Soviets off the hook by not going far enough.

THE SOVIETS have been conducting ideological warfare against us since before Carter was born. What damage their propaganda can do to us has probably already been done; but the reverse may not be true. We have had our Sixties—the Soviets have not. We have become accustomed to—even bored by—such vicious anti-American, anti-white, anti-Establishment rhetoric from our own compatriots that *Pravda*'s latest accusations seem mild by comparison. It may be decades before the made-in-Moscow slogans sound catchy to us again. But the Soviet Union has no such immunity: a strong, broad-based, multinational human rights movement inside the Soviet Union could do more toward destroying the USSR than our missiles and Red China put together.

So far most of our attention has focused on the violated rights of Soviet Jews. But intolerable as the plight of the Jews is, we must not forget that there are also, depending on who is doing the counting, between 130 and two hundred other national minorities in the USSR, each with its own language, its own ways of doing things, its own national heroes (many of whom became heroes by defeating Russians), and its own history of grief brought upon it by Russians. As Robert Conquest admirably demonstrated in *The Nation-Killers*, the Crimean Tatars, the Volga Germans, the Kalmyks, the Meskhetians, the Chechens, the Ingushi, the Karachai, and the Balkars—to name only the worst victims—have had an even unhealthier life under the Russians than have the Jews.

We know from Solzhenitsyn that anyone in the USSR is eligible for the Gulag, but for one reason or another individuals of certain nationalities are more eligible than others. And even those non-Russians who didn't land in the Gulag, and whose people weren't removed en masse from their ancestral homelands for resettlement in sunny Siberia, and who didn't disappear during one of the many purges—even those who have not had a hair on their head touched by the Kremlin—still have many good reasons to be unhappy.

The crux of the matter is the Soviet nationalities policy. Designed by Stalin, approved by Lenin, it began primarily as a language policy. Each minority was permitted to use its own language, but Russian was to be every non-Russian people's second official language. Gradually this policy was extended to all matters of culture. Georgians, Uzbeks, Ukrainians, and the rest could remain proud of their own cultures, but also had to be equally proud of everything Russian.

The problems started when everything national in the minority nationalities' cultures began to be suppressed, and everything Russian began to be glorified. An example is the celebrated "alphabet reform." To "modernize" certain languages, particularly those which linked a people to other peoples in adjacent countries (e.g., Azerbaidzhanis and Iranians), the alphabet in which the language had always been written was exchanged for a more "progressive" one. Thus all languages in the Arabic alphabet were changed first for some reason to the Latin, and, when that proved as impractical as it was unpopular, changed again to the "more natural" Cyrillic alphabet. And this was only the first step. Next, old "reactionary" words for common things were replaced by "contemporary" (i.e., Rus-

(Continues on page 669)

Mr. Young is a member of the Russian Department at Dartmouth College.

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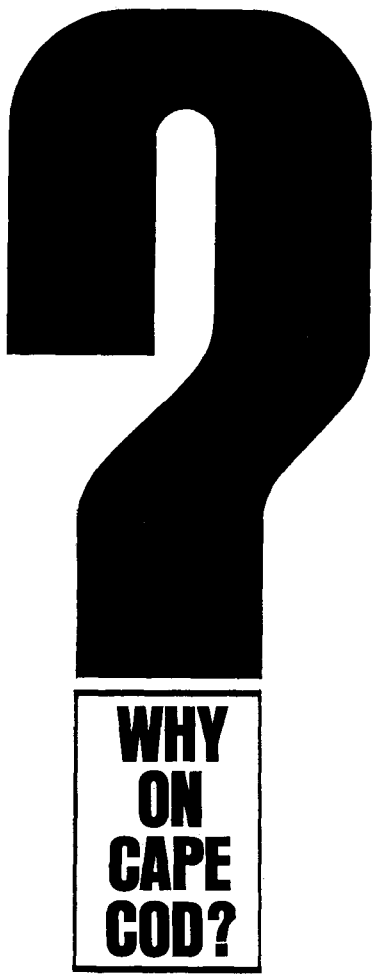
FRANCIS RUSSELL

A Defense Hardliner Asks:



SANDWICH, THE TOWN where I live, is the oldest on Cape Cod, one of the most picturesque and least spoiled. Midwestern tourists are given to seeing it as an English town. That it is not. But it does have a number of gracefully proportioned eighteenth century houses and even a scattering from the seventeenth century. Our house, among others, was built when Charles II was King of North America. Behind the Greek-revival town hall there is a small lake where swans live the year round and Canada geese pause on their migrations. Near the hall is a reconstituted water grist-mill that grinds corn for the summer tourists. Opposite is the Christopher Wren church, its soaring, delicate spire erroneously believed to have been designed by Sir Christopher himself.

There are, of course, a few counter-images: the flashing strobe-lights of the Canal Electric plant, the "jolly green giant" that was supposed to bring money into the town and in the end brought too rapid a growth and tripled the tax rate; the monstrous new (and much too expensive) high school, for which the superintendent of schools—a public-relations promoter, of limited background, who tends to equate education with wall-to-wall carpeting—is chiefly responsible. But beyond the give-and-take of town affairs, there are the long stretches (still relatively empty) of beach and dunes, and the sea, and the curve of the Cape from Sandwich Downs to where, 25 miles across the bay, one can see the Provincetown Monument like a matchstick on the horizon. From the dunes it is an enchanting landscape. Yet I wonder if Sandwich and the swans and the ancient house I live in, and even that new high school and its 812 pupils, are not doomed by the Air Force's bureaucratic juggernaut, which, set in motion, seems impossible to stop.

Inland beyond Sandwich lies a sprawling military reservation, Camp Edwards, where the Yankee Division trained in World War II. Since the main gate is in Falmouth, to the south, Camp Edwards never concerned Sandwich much, nor was the town particularly affected when the camp became the Otis Air Force Base. Now this base is, in bureaucratic jargon, being deactivated; or, in ordinary English, it is closing down. Part of it is being considered for use as a national cemetery.

Two years ago, however, the Air Force began constructing at the Otis base a radar super-station, one of the world's largest, to replace the radars scattered along the East Coast. Called PAVE PAWS (Precision Acquisition of Vehicle Entry Phased Array Warning System), the 105-foot truncated pyramid is designed to scan a distance of over three thousand miles with a 240-degree sweep. Conventional radar cannot see more than two hundred miles, but PAVE PAWS, with its several thousand radiating elements, will be able to detect a car-sized object over Europe. The beams, focused into two sections, can follow upward of two hundred objects at a time.

Microwave Cooking

All electromagnetic radiation above a certain level can be harmful. Microwave ovens are now familiar household cooking devices. But microwaves are capable of cooking us as well. For two decades now the Russians have been beaming low-level microwaves into the American Embassy in Moscow. In 1965, 213 employees of the Embassy were given blood tests, and over a third of them showed lymphocyte counts 44 per cent above normal. Two ambassadors who served in the Moscow Embassy later died of cancer. The present ambassador is said to be suffering from anemia and eye hemorrhaging, and five women living there have undergone cancer-related mastectomies. At Fort Rucker, Alabama—a helicopter pilot

Mr. Russell's latest book is The President-Makers.

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training area in which there are 46 radar installations within thirty miles —children delivered at the base hospital have a somewhat higher level of congenital anomalies of the heart and a four-times-higher level of congenital club foot than those born elsewhere in the state. The fathers of 18 out of 25 mongoloid children had been exposed to radar.

No Guarantees

In starting the construction of PAVE PAWS, the Air Force relied on bureaucratic secrecy to present Cape Cod with a fait accompli. As a fairly typical Sandwich resident, I had never heard of the new radar super-station until late last autumn. When, from a distance, I first saw the concrete shell rising, I thought it was some kind of water tower. When I heard the first protests, I dismissed them as agitation by outsiders who advocated unilateral disarmament. But when I looked into it, I found that the Air Force's ill-considered decision to construct such a facility on Cape Cod was a peril to us and to all the surrounding communities.

According to its own regulations, the Air Force is required, before undertaking such a construction as PAVE PAWS, to make an Environmental Impact Study, in which any dangers to environment and population are assessed by an independent board. This the Air Force has refused to do. Instead it issued—belatedly and almost surreptitiously—an Environmental Assessment that might be called in legal terms a brief for the defense. Yet even that assessment promises that

> the adverse effects from electromagnetic emanations will be kept to a minimum by siting the radar in a remote location contained within a government reservation, away from population centers, parks, historical sites, transportation routes, and other systems and equipments.

Just what the Air Force staff writers meant by that is hard to say. PAVE PAWS is within two miles of Sandwich's elementary school (912 children). It is 1.7 miles from the Sagamore elementary school (230 children), somewhat over a mile from the Mid-Cape Highway, and just over two miles from the center of Sandwich, a National Historic District. The Sandwich High School is four miles away.

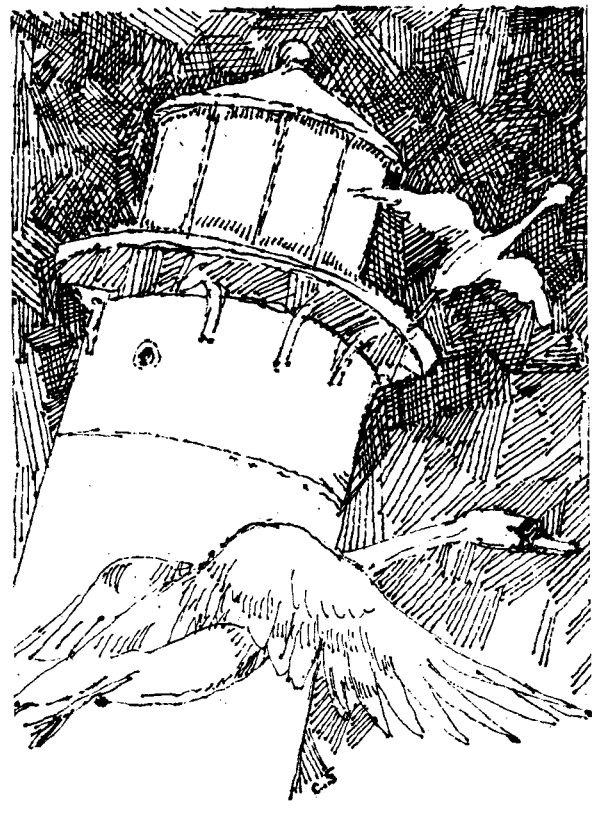
The Air Force claims, with a confusion of charts and statistics, that PAVE PAWS will not emit any dangerous levels of radiation. The main beam, it explains, will be angled three degrees above the horizon. It disregards or disparages side-lobe radiation. Leaving aside all technical data, when PAVE PAWS is in operation the radiation level to which Sandwich and Sagamore schoolchildren will be subjected will be at least one and a half times stronger than that beamed into the Moscow Embassy. Outside scientists have also pointed out that under an overcast sky the main beam may well slant disastrously back to earth.

In plain words, the Air Force has gone ahead with its giant radar installation without knowing specifically to what degree the emanations may be harmful to those living or even traveling in the vicinity. Air Force technicians simply do not know the answers. At a recent meeting of citizens protesting PAVE PAWS, an Air Force colonel, trying to answer objections, was asked by a mother whether he could guarantee that her two young children would not be harmed by PAVE PAWS radiation. The colonel replied, "The Air Force makes no guarantees."

My own feeling is that the Sandwich site was picked by some anonymous Air Force committee simply on the grounds that, since the Air Force already owned the land, it might as well use it. Once the construction was started, once the bureaucratic wheels began to turn, there was no one individual able or willing to call a halt. As any ex-serviceman knows, nothing happens if one just follows orders. But sticking one's neck out may mean getting one's head chopped off. So PAVE PAWS rolled on; the pyramid rose despite the protests of such ad hoc groups as the Cape Cod Environmental Coalition, Citizens Concerned about PAVE PAWS, and so on. Operations were originally scheduled to begin this August, but, to override and overwhelm objectors, Air Force technicians have been instructed to advance the date. Preliminary testing is already taking place, on the theory that what is done cannot easily be undone.

No sensible person questions the necessity for PAVE PAWS as one more protection against a relentless adversary. Yet why PAVE PAWS had to be located in a populated area defies any rational explanation, when there are vast amounts of empty land along the East Coast. Some of the Maine towns beyond Bangor, for example, are uninhabited and on maps are merely numbers instead of names.

My eight-year-old daughter goes to the Sandwich elementary school. Should I risk possible permanent damage to her health because of the arbitrary decision of a few block-headed Air Force officers? They give no guarantees. Until some impartial board of experts can assess the danger emanating from PAVE PAWS, it is intolerable to have it put into operation. In fact there is no plausible excuse for its having been built where it is, a menacing eyesore, a monument to bureaucracy in all its insolence. □



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The Growth of Anarchy

From the Continent

ERIK von KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Southern and Eastern Europeans have always been, in the eyes of their northwestern neighbors, somewhat beyond the pale. Even in the American "melting pot" era, this was the common perception. In 1921 and again in 1924, Congress restricted the influx of people from these regions, in order to slow the "dirty-white" immigration which threatened to alter the Anglo-Saxon–Celtic character of the country.

This bias has its anti-Catholic strain, of course; remember the epithet, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." But it stems also from a fear of anarchy. Southern and Eastern Europeans have always been marked by a fierce individualism, limited only by family loyalties; not for them the English–Scandinavian sense of civic duty. They have a vertical, rather than horizontal, perception of authority. That is, Southern and Eastern Europeans reject any abstract concept of the state, or of a universally—and impersonally—applied rule of law, but they have, at many points in history, been willing to extend their respect for hierarchical authority up to the reigning monarch. Thus, when government in these areas has functioned well, it has usually been through a sort of expansion of family loyalty to cover the entire nation.

These convictions and habits are based in large part on the anthropological aspect of Catholic theology, which is liberal and personalistic, ascribing intellectual and moral worth to the individual. However, this individualism carries with it an obvious danger. Without the monarchical authority to control it, it has, in recent decades, pushed the Southern and Eastern Europeans toward anarchy.

Anarchism as an ideology and anarchy as a lifestyle are not the same thing. Yet there is a sentimental connection between the two which tends to be very attractive to upper-class intellectuals. (As Chesterton once said, "Aristocrats are always anarchists.") In spite of his American upbringing, Henry Adams could say, "I am a Christian-conservative anarchist"; while the French essayist Charles-Albert Cingria called himself "an anarchist of the extreme Right." The founders of Russian anarchism were two noblemen, Bakunin and Prince Kropotkin.

As for the average Southern European voters who call themselves Communists and Socialists, a great many are really anarchists. They are not Marxists: they do not want a planned economy or state control over all aspects of life; and they are fighting all forms of "Establishment," not merely the liberal democratic state. In fact, many traditionally "Marxist" voters eventually come to realize that Socialism and, even more, Communism lead inevitably to a loss of freedom. To destroy the existing order is to invite slavery. And anarchists do not like slavery.

For the Eurocommunists—insofar as they are truly different from conventional Bolsheviks—this creates a dilemma. They claim to be democratic, almost liberal, Western (a claim put forth in their very name). The Eurocommunists have even offered themselves as partners to "bourgeois" parties or coalitions (is there anything more bourgeois than the Communist leadership?). But here they alienate the numerically important anarchists within their own parties.

In Italy this process has matured to the point where the terrorist and anarchist Red Brigades openly denounce the Communist Party. The Brigades call themselves "true Communists," as opposed to Communist Party members who are already in power—part of the Establishment—in many cities and regions. These Communist Party members are now part of the "ruling class"; they have an interest in law and order, discipline, and what the bourgeoisie would call civic virtue. (In this they are not unlike the American Mafia, which deals quickly and efficiently with outside lawbreakers.) Realizing, for example, that it is not in their interest to destroy the Italian economy, Communist trade unions have declared that in the next few years they will not demand wage increases; they will fight inflation with the fervor of reactionary capitalists. Led by Berlinguer, the Italian Communist Party would like to force its way into a coalition with the Christian Democrats. This makes the CP traitorous in the eyes of leftist doctrinaires, who, though they have little sympathy for a "Russian course," still abhor the *compromesso storico*, the fusion of cross, hammer, and sickle.

In Spain, meanwhile, the anarchists are now trying to reorganize independently of the Communists. This may be difficult, since some of the most gruesome horrors of the Civil War were committed by the FAI (Federación Anarquista Ibérica), and these are still remembered. Only later did the Communists gain the upper hand and begin slaughtering anarchists, as in the Cheka cellars of Catalonia in 1937. The mutual hatred of anarchists and Communists runs deep, and goes at least as far back as 1917, when the Bolsheviks fought the social revolutionaries in Russia. In fact, the intellectual break occurred earlier still, with Proudhon and Bakunin taking one side, Marx and Engels the other.

The anarchists have always understood that the Communist notion of the withering away of the state was a pious hope, if not a gross deceit; state capitalism is more repressive than private capitalism. Still, they would gain more support among the public at large if they did not believe in the propaganda of action (*Propaganda der Tat*); that is to say, in terrorism, murder, kidnapping, and extortion. Anarchists are idealists, and as such impractical, even dangerous. By attacking the state they are unwittingly helping their Communist archenemies. The Communists may worry about these ultra-leftists, but they are grateful for their existence: they allow the Communists to play the role of stewards of Law and Order. □

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Cheerfulness Breaks In Again

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

JUDGING BY the exacerbated tone of several recent pieces of mine on this page, gentle reader, you may have been led to suspect that I find the higher learning in America, like the lower, in one hell of a mess. If so, your suspicion is altogether correct. Nevertheless, here and there sweetness and light force their way into the jungle of American education. I offer you this day two examples.

The first is encountered—of all places!—at the City University of New York, where John Lindsay did his damnedest to abolish all standards of learning. Yet even within the City University, civilized islands may still be found. I have in mind the Summer Latin Institute there, ably directed by Professor Floyd L. Moreland, a Brooklyn College teacher of classics.

"While the study of languages, and the classical languages in particular, continues to decline in American education," there writes to me a graduate of SLI, "the Summer Latin Institute stands as a rare example of linguistic vitality. The SLI promises nothing less than to give a student a solid grounding in Latin language and literature in two months' time. The program is now in its sixth year, and its success is phenomenal. Students with no previous experience in Latin end the course reading Augustine in the original, translating Horace, and even composing Latin hexameter verse."

Beginning in the 1978 session, classical Greek—an intensive course—will be offered at SLI. The participants will read Plato's *Ion*, selections from Lysias' *Against Erastothenes*, the sixth book of the *Iliad*, selection from Book I of Herodotus, and one of four electives. The Latin readings of this summer's Institute (June 19 to August 31 at 33 West 42nd Street) are 15 poems of Catullus, Cicero's first oration against Catiline, Book IV of the *Aeneid*, ten odes of Horace, selections from Einhard's *Life of Charlemagne*, late and medieval poetry, and one of six electives, including Abelard, Milton, and Tacitus.

"The work is hard and exhausting," says the SLI graduate, "but those who see it through are rewarded with a solid basis in one of the great branches of Western culture. Two months of intense study seem a very small price to pay for discovering the roots of one's civilization. . . . Understanding a well-rounded Ciceronian period, laughing at a mordant epigram of Martial, being moved by a passage in Augustine—all this is the discovery of a new world whose freshness is exhilarating. And all the cant about the dryness and irrelevance of classical studies seems absurd in the light that shines from these texts."

A Light in the Darkness

My second instance of cheerfulness occurs in another Sinful City of the Western World: San Francisco. At the University of San Francisco, a Jesuit foundation, there has been established the St. Ignatius Institute, a kind of honors college. This is its third year, and there are some 120 promising young men and women in the Institute's freshman class. The curriculum bears some resemblance to that of the special Integrated Humanities Program (formerly called Pearson College) at the University of Kansas, described on this page about two years ago—which the enlightened administrators of that Athens of the prairie have been trying to squelch ever since.

But nobody has any intention of squelching the St. Ignatius Institute, which is directed by Father Joseph Fessio, SJ. "The rigor of the curriculum and the unashamed religious context," he writes to me, "have resulted in a process of natural selection"—even though enrollment is not limited to "exceptional" students. "We have been blessed with an extraordinarily talented and eager group of students." The four-year program of study "is intended for Catholic or Christian students (but is not limited to them) who desire both the solid foundation of a Catholic liberal arts education and the academic preparation necessary for a professional career."

The core curriculum "is based on the great books and authors of Western civilization, with an emphasis upon the great works of Christianity and particularly of the Catholic tradition." There is a seminar/lecture combination each semester. In addition, all students take two three-unit courses each semester. In the fall semester of the first year, Greek literature and history, writing practicum, Old Testament, and logic are offered; in the spring semester, ancient philosophy, ethics, New Testament, and physics. In the second year's fall semester, the courses are Greek and Latin fathers of the Church, revelation and Christology, biology, and a language; in the spring, great world literature, poetry, philosophy of man, and a language. In the third year, the first semester covers the medieval synthesis, metaphysics, great figures in spirituality, and great figures in music and art; for the spring, modern literature, the novel, the Reformation, and Biology II. As for the senior year, the fall term covers modern philosophy, epistemology, ethical and social teachings of the Church, and Physics II; the spring term offers modern theologians, church and sacraments, history of politics and economics, and psychoanalysis and contemporary psychology.

Redeeming the Time

The four years of the seminar/lecture program have to do with the great books "of Western (and to some extent Eastern) civilization, but include the great writers of the Catholic tradition, such as the Fathers of the Church, and even more recent writers of proven worth." Also students are encouraged to take at least two elective courses in history. Other courses may be added from the regular curriculum of the University of San Francisco to provide preparation for a profession.

It appears to me that one actually can obtain a genuine education, suffused with religious understanding, at St. Ignatius Institute.

Though Gotham and Frisco be as Sodom and Gomorrah, yet shall a Remnant endure. Choose either the philosophers of SLI or the saints of Ignatius, and you may do your part to redeem the time intellectually. □

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Books Arts & Manners

The Last Traitor

Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Trial
By Allen Weinstein
Knopf, 674 pp., $15

D. KEITH MANO

This is Brechtian: absurd: a typewriter. Sixty pages, seventy, and still I read about it: one goddam *typewriter*. Isn't my time worth more than that? A typewriter: Alger Hiss's Woodstock N230099, with which, single-space, on unerasable bond, the social legend of America was revised. Katydid noise: two-finger clacking in a 1930s night: Woodstock Nation. Watergate tape; bridge at Chappaquiddick. Things arbitrate and draw men down.

Hiss/Chambers, like menarche, was the gate of our fitful pubescence: from it a dark fertility rose. If you don't know the story—cast and hand props and plot—don't ask me to summarize now. I haven't patience or words enough here. Without rancor, with Breughel single-brush-hair love for detail, with strong unembellished style—for embellishment is partisan—Allen Weinstein has made a dig, stratum after stratum down, artifact and shard, separating intrusive burial from authentic trace of human habitation. His book is stupendous and illegal: it has put Alger Hiss in double jeopardy. Exclusive interviews; documents never before released; to this conclusion: "the body of available evidence proves that he did in fact perjure himself when describing his secret dealings with Chambers, so that the jurors in the second trial made no mistake in finding Alger Hiss guilty as charged." It is irrefutable, done with: say good night, Gracie: gone.

Yet it is refuted already. Irving Howe for the *New York Times Book Review*: "Weinstein has significantly added to the evidence pointing to Hiss's participation in an espionage apparatus . . . nevertheless . . . none of this makes it certain that Hiss *did* what Chambers said he had done." And one week later in the *NYTBR*, a full-page ad for *The Nation* and Alger Hiss: "Whatever his original motives and aspirations, Professor Weinstein is now an embattled partisan hopelessly mired in the perspective of one side, his narrative obfuscatory, his interpretations improbable, his omissions strategic, his . . ." But why go on? Poke the Hiss mimosa at any place and all its leaves close. I'd react similarly, I suppose, to "proof" that Christ was resurrected by deep heart massage. But Hiss . . . What lame Christs some of us have.

I was seven when Hiss came to trial. Weinstein limns a time I never knew. It has been U.S.–USSR, super-rivals, since I have cared about the world outside my brow. By page 200 or so, I understood that pro-Soviet espionage need not—for a weak, self-absolving mind—have been anti-American: in the mid-Thirties at least. Most of what Hiss stole, about German and Japanese preparation, was secret but not all that crucial to U.S. defense. The air didn't yet sizzle with polarity: a man could fellow-travel and remain American and leave only ten or fifteen stretchmarks on his liberal imagination. By August of 1945, though, Popular Fronters with any moral strength were surfacing like bombed fish: guilt- or Stalin-sick, afraid, apathetic, spent.

COMMUNIST INFILTRATION before World War II succeeded in large measure because U.S. security was primitive and lax. You could even feel compassion for the GPU, if you were so disposed. They had to coddle romantic, frivolous, neurotic Left-liberal types: I'd rather have an orangutan for my amanuensis. Chambers was clownish and unstable. Hiss: sentimental, undisciplined. Bykov, their ranking Soviet contact, was an ass who gave Bokhara rugs to his people—as one might in some IBM sales incentive program. By 1938, Amtorg, the Soviet industrial espionage apparatus, had tried filching trade secrets from my family's cement firm: for bathtub crack filler, no less. Which, when you consider Russian plumbing, then and now, would have been an uncertain coup.

I don't minimize the significance of Hiss/Chambers. Dred Scott was not more important: possibly less. But what mean pivots for an era to turn on: typewriter and second-hand car and pumpkin and rug: they diminish us. It's a question of style. Ultimately

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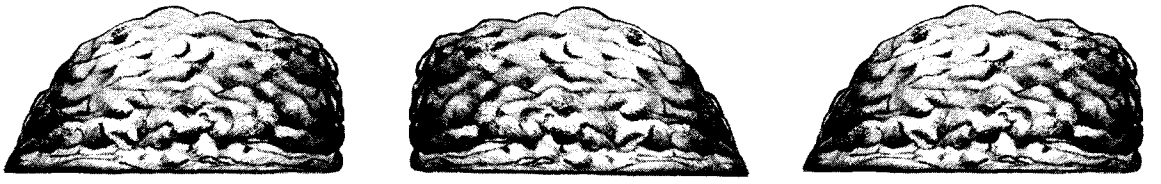
Where Do You Find The "New" Conservatives?



It stands to reason, an awful lot of potential conservatives (the "new" conservatives) in this land of over two hundred million people have never ever held a copy of **National Review** in their hands (what a shame *that* is!). We have no way of knowing who they are but we do believe they're missing something that could be mighty important to *all* of us—that unique other side of the news that you get only in NR. It's something you've simply got to have if you're going to be a truly informed conservative. And isn't that exactly what we need more of these days?

That's where you can help. We don't know where to find these potential conservatives but *you* do. They are people you already know who share at least some of your concerns about the kind of education their children are getting, the devouring tax bite, our zooming crime rate, our dwindling defense capability—the list goes on and on. Well, you can help them to share more of your concerns and, in fact, become your allies (and enjoy themselves while they're at it) by introducing them to **National Review.**

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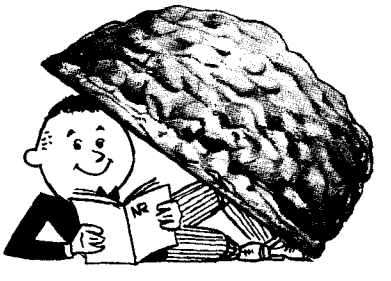

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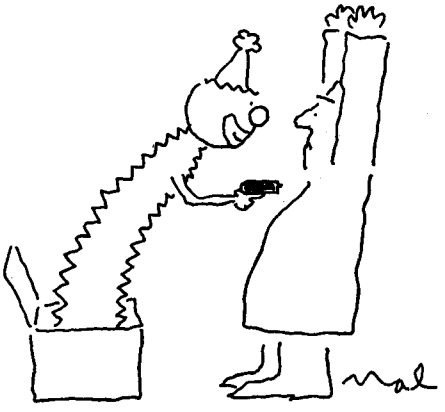
Weinstein's magisterial book will come up short: truth will come up short. Because a fact is a small machine: a made object: *facere*: in all cases, though in Hiss/Chambers most explicitly so. Your liberal mind has need of high passion, sentiment, great ideas. The Hiss lobby is, by not too wide an extension, I think, a late Luddite revolt against industry and man's contriving brain. That Alger Hiss—suave, bright, noble—should be brought low by metal and microfilm seems enormous and unjust. We traffic in two modes of experience here. The evidence is irrefutable: but so, by its peculiar lights, is Hiss's relentless denial. Even I, who wish Alger Hiss nothing but the finest misfortune, was worn headsore with detail. Had Hiss confessed in 1949, he would in all probability have gone free: and we with him. Thirty years later the nation is still punch-drunk from contention. I can handily assert that no public figure—no liberal public figure anyhow—will ever be indicted as a traitor again. We haven't the stamina for it.

Something happened then. Sun rot ate the weave of confidence. I wasn't there: and I'm not the only Seventies conservative who'd like to understand. Where did American certainty go? How does one people move with such bluff resolve from Joe McCarthy to Daniel Ellsberg: a pendulum swung clean off its hinge? "More than any other factor, Alger Hiss's conviction gave McCarthy and his supporters the essential touch of credibility, making their charges of Communist involvement against other officials headline copy instead of back-page filler." It was a moment brutally seized. I suppose, after so many New Deal years, you could fault no Republican or conservative for zeal that might, here and there, shade toward base opportunism. Hiss in jail could win elections. But it was—if not morally, then strategically—a catastrophic mistake. ". . . guilt over past radical associations and beliefs hung plainly on the shoulders of many of Hiss's critics in the literary and scholarly communities. To them the Case dramatized the failure of their own previous radical CP affiliations or flirtations with Stalinism. Their essays revealed the deep uncertainties of a penitential liberalism, the emergence of a new self-questioning . . ."



But not many men have a real aptitude for guilt: it's a dying trade. After a while antibodies in the mind rush out. For better or worse, American thought has been rough-hewn in this century by articulate Left-liberal folk. Most were in sympathy with Hiss at first, yet few were Party-line Communists and fewer still had the subversive strength of his convictions. Gullible, yes; foolish often, still. McCarthy and his supporters (I probably would have been one) gave them no space for penance, just abject surrender. And they—intelligent, cohesive, media-wise, desperate finally—were the wrong people to corner. It was a time for amnesty; some greatness of spirit. Hindsight, I know, and hard to enforce. But I know, as well, that Hiss's imprisonment eventually hurt the Right more than the Left.

Before Weinstein we spoke of a "rehabilitated" Hiss: campus lecturer, victim-hero, amateur innocent. But it wasn't Hiss, it was the groundsill of our thought that had undergone a drastic warp—thought "rehabilitated" by Left intellectuals in order to discharge their irritating post-Hiss guilt. It's a stark, almost unimaginable leap from McCarthy to Ellsberg: yet it occurred. In the process our concepts of espionage, of national security, of nation itself were put up for sale. Individual conscience is set today against national conscience: if, indeed, national conscience can be said to survive at all. In that sense *Perjury* is irrelevant, because Hiss is no longer on trial. Unable to spring Hiss, Left intellectuals indicted treason, the crime, in his stead. National loyalty, on which any operative definition of treason must depend, was made a distant second to personal conscience. There are no traitors now: just, well, men with differing points of view. In leak-ridden 1978, Alger Hiss would use, not Whittaker Chambers, but Jack Anderson as his courier to Moscow. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ More May Titles: Shortly before Son of Sam, a/k/a the .44 Caliber Killer, was captured in New York last August, Jimmy Breslin, the columnist, announced that he was writing a novel about the case. His book, *.44* (Viking, $8.95), written in collaboration with Dick Schapp, does for detective fiction what Son of Sam did for women. . . . In *Vulnerable People: A View of American Fiction since 1945* (Oxford, $11.95), Josephine Hendin argues that postwar American fiction has much socially redeeming value, through its ability to make vulnerable people less vulnerable, whatever that means. The critic as therapist. . . . Olga Carlisle was entrusted by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn with arranging for the translation and publication of *The First Circle*. In *Solzhenitsyn and the Secret Circle* (Holt, $8.95), she describes how, with the aid of Harrison Salisbury and her husband, she managed to accomplish this. . . . William Colby, formerly director of the CIA, has written *Honorable Men: My Life in the CIA* (Simon & Schuster, $10.95), in collaboration with Peter Forbath. He gives special attention to 1975, and his appearances before the Rockefeller commission and Church committee. . . . Richard A. Gabriel and Paul L. Savage's *Crisis in Command: Mismanagement in the Army* (Hill and Wang, $10) discusses the malfeasances of the American troops in Vietnam—drugs, attempted mutiny, assassination of officers, refusal of combat, etc.—and concludes that they had their roots in conditions that pre-dated the Asian war. The chief problem, the authors believe, is the displacement of corporative values by individual ones—a displacement that can only have worsened since the army was put on a volunteer basis. . . . George F. Will is publishing his first collection of columns in *The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Sobering Thoughts* (Harper, $10). . . . Nika Hazelton offers a new delectation—*The Regional Italian Kitchen* (Evans, $12.50).

■ Some June Titles: V. S. Pritchett is publishing *Selected Stories* (Random House, $10). . . . Irving Bartlett's *Daniel Webster* (Norton, $12.95) puts on the market yet another biography of one of the great personalities of the American Romantic period.

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Decent Interval
By Frank Snepp
Random House, 580 pp., $14.95
The Counter-Insurgency Era
By Douglas S. Blaufarb
The Free Press/Macmillan, 311 pp., $12.95

DECENT AND INDECENT

NORMAN HANNAH

Frank Snepp, formerly of CIA, has written a book about the sad, disgraceful ending of the Vietnam War. Douglas S. Blaufarb, also formerly of CIA, has written a better book about the counter-insurgency which began the U.S. role in that war.

The measure of what is wrong with Snepp's *Decent Interval* is that its one-note excoriation of nearly everyone involved lent itself so easily to the perverse purposes of that infamous old nemesis of American POWs, Wilfred Burchett, who reviewed the book in the March issue of *Harper's*. Burchett seized the chance to hold up Snepp as a flawed mirror reflecting American policy. One hates to be caught agreeing with Burchett, but give credit where it's due: he sticks his finger into a devastating void in Snepp's book. "Readers will seek in vain," he says, "for any analysis of why America was in Vietnam or the real reasons for defeat."

HE COULDN'T be more right, and for four pages he fills the void to his own taste, chortling over the American immorality, ineptitude, cynicism, and beastliness which he finds documented in Snepp's book. Snepp quotes a colleague on the decision to evacuate certain Vietnamese intelligence officers and abandon others: "I wasn't interested in helping these fellows for humanitarian reasons. . . . Our concerns were purely professional, not humanitarian." This becomes the underpinning for Burchett's final shot: "This is the quintessence of the cynicism that dominates the book from first page to last."

In fact, Snepp comes through as an historically, spiritually, and ideologically rootless young man, lacking any sense of proportion; the kind of man who, in the second paragraph of a 580-page account of the end of a 15-year-long tragedy, treats us to the "gales of laughter" occasioned by an American woman's collapse on the hot tarmac of Saigon airport after a long journey spent imbibing too many martinis while telling Snepp of her husband's suspected infidelity. He seems uninterested in the relationship between his own experiences and the events that occurred before 1968, when he first arrived in Vietnam—as if the shape and direction of the war had not been set long before the Tet Offensive, which he scarcely mentions. He is shallow—too shallow to have been CIA's "resident specialist on government and Communist strategy" in Saigon, as he says he was.

On the other hand, he is frank, and reveals his rootlessness at the outset. The following passage is worth quoting here, just *because* the book is a reflection of its author, and not of the United States.

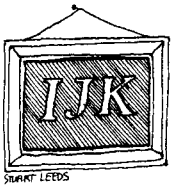
> I had joined the CIA back in 1968 precisely to avoid the Vietnam War, and that I should now be part of the government's war-making machinery there was a token of both my utter lack of conniving and the weakness of the system. . . . The CIA was most accommodating. I was quickly inducted, indoctrinated, and farmed out to the European Division as an "expert" on NATO affairs. For months I prospered. . . . Henry Kissinger was constantly badgering the agency for news and views on the [Czech] crisis. Inundated with his requests, I stayed perpetually in motion throughout the winter, and my draft board gave me up as a lost cause . . .

He tells us his name was suggested for Vietnam duty as a joke by some office colleagues. A few days later, he was accepted.

> My pleadings and demurrals were to no avail. I was told that if I did not take the job I would probably never be "invited" to go overseas again, and that of course would probably mean the end of my CIA career. Faced with the choice between no protection at all from the U.S. Army and two years at the Embassy in Saigon, I reluctantly opted for the latter.

For Frank Snepp, the war started the day he "joined the CIA back in 1968 precisely to avoid the Vietnam War." This is especially unfortunate because he does have an important point to make: that the retreat of South Vietnamese forces in the face of Hanoi's assault, the withdrawal of the United States, and the associated evacuation were all disastrously executed. That is true enough, and Snepp's book is heavy with empirical detail on the movements of people involved in the deluge—material which will eventually be useful to a dispassionate historian seeking to fill in gaps in a dispassionate history. But Snepp is insensitive to the fact that the errors of 1975 were largely recrudescences of errors committed in the previous decade, errors built into the system by the strategic framework adopted in the early 1960s.

He is caustic toward Ambassador Martin and CIA Station Chief Polgar for believing too long in the possibility of a negotiated peace, a bit of naïveté which flawed our policy in Indochina from 1960 onward. Perhaps he does not know that in 1971 Averell Harriman wrote: "Until the expansion of the war to Cambodia [in 1970] I had hoped that a settlement in Vietnam would have permitted the re-establishment on a workable basis of the 1962 Laos agreement." This, after nine years of massive violations of the Laos Accords for the precise purpose of bringing down South Vietnam. Snepp facilely blames Kissinger for failing to negotiate a definite deadline for withdrawal of NVA troops from Laos and Cambodia and for failing to consider "promoting a genuine coalition arrangement." He apparently is unaware that both courses of action were tried in Laos in 1962 and failed miserably, contributing to the dénouement he witnessed.



There could be no better perspective for judging Snepp's book than the excellent historical analysis of *The Counter-Insurgency Era*, by Douglas Blaufarb, based on his experiences in Vietnam and Laos as well as on extensive research (ten pages of bibliography). Unlike Snepp, Blaufarb chose not "to violate my voluntary commitment to respect secrecy," and he has limited himself to what is publicly available—which is voluminous. In the process, he has eschewed Technicolor sensation and produced a revealing, penetrating historical study of the doctrinal philosophy on which our conduct in Indochina was based. Read this book's 311 pages,

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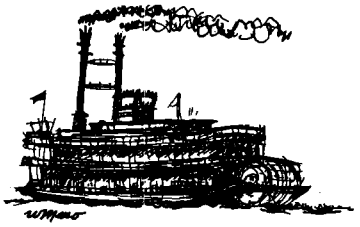
and you will understand why the Vietnam War ended as it did far better than you would having read Snepp's 580 pages.

Blaufarb's scope includes the development of insurgency and counter-insurgency around the world, not just the special aspects seen in Vietnam, Laos, and Thailand. But the most important and most interesting part is Chapter III, "The Kennedy Crucible," in which he traces the forced-draft development of the specific American counter-insurgency doctrine from a collection of *ad hoc* tactics picked up in Greece, the Philippines, and Malaya. President Kennedy's initial reaction to Khrushchev's January 1961 speech supporting "wars of national liberation"; the trauma of the Bay of Pigs; Kennedy's wariness of Laos; General Taylor's flexible doctrine of "flexible response"; the distinction drawn by the Administration between Laos and Vietnam; the creation of the Special Group (CI) under Taylor and Robert Kennedy; the expansion of the Special Forces; the dispatch of some fifteen thousand U.S. military advisors to Vietnam and five thousand Marines to Thailand; the concept of military "civic action"—Blaufarb omits none of the diverse strands which went into the sophisticated doctrine created by the New Frontier, a doctrine whose momentum was so great that, once the course was set, it could not be shifted, even in the face of accumulating signs of inevitable failure. This is history of which Frank Snepp seems to be completely unaware.

One wishes Blaufarb could have followed up more thoroughly on certain aspects of the war, such as the "incipient dilemma . . . between keeping the burden of the fighting upon the indigenous forces and meeting the threat of external Communist intervention." The dilemma of course was wrongly resolved: the U.S. assumed too much of the fighting role within South Vietnam, while it never dealt effectively with the external Communist intervention. And there is the root of the counter-insurgency doctrine's failure in Indochina.



This is, however, a question of emphasis and does not detract from the substantial contribution that Blaufarb has made to our understanding of the causes of the deluge on which Snepp floated. CIA can be proud of Doug Blaufarb's contribution, and we can be grateful that he made it. □

SWELL LETTERS

The Auden Generation
By Samuel Hynes
Viking, 430 pp., $12.50

NO ANSWERS

JOHN R. BOLY

In his monumental study, *The Auden Generation*, Samuel Hynes conducts a carefully guided tour through England's misplaced generation of the Thirties—the writers and intellectuals who were too young to participate in the First World War and too disillusioned to participate in the Second. Hynes, a careful, meticulous scholar, patiently sorts through the novels, poems, reviews, periodicals, and literary fads of the period. The result is a masterly account of the contradictions surrounding the generation whose creativity had to contend with the tragic circus of the Thirties: the Depression, Hitler's seizure of power, the revolution in Spain, Mussolini's assault upon Abyssinia, and Germany's fateful invasion of Poland.

The English writers who came of age during the Thirties were caught in a series of paradoxes. They were eager for social reform, yet helplessly middle-class. They tried to forget the past, yet were unwilling to imagine the future. They were attentive to current events, yet strove to say something of permanent value. Hynes presents these complexities with wit, accuracy, and insight in this long-awaited and much-needed book.

The Auden Generation belongs to the genre of literary history—which, for Hynes, simply means unraveling the way in which historical events influence and ultimately determine literature. A literary critic, for example, would regard *The Waste Land* as a poem that transcends its historical moment to take part in a continuous dialogue with all of Western culture. But, as a literary historian, Hynes views *The Waste Land* as a product of its moment, a "poem about the consequences of the war."

The Auden Generation consists of 11 chapters that consider the decade's literary determinants year by year, and crisis by crisis. This method enables Hynes to give a vivid sense of the effect that contemporary events had upon writers, but it also produces distortions. Through his preoccupation with contemporary events, Hynes isolates the writers of the Thirties from their literary predecessors, especially from the earlier war poets, Owen, Graves, Brooke, and Sassoon.

The Auden generation began the decade by rebelling against the enervate and discredited world of postwar England. Devising aggressively esoteric fantasies, they repudiated all that was recognizable or conventional. This early, somewhat self-indulgent mode of rebellion soon gave way to a search for the heroic leader who would usher in a new social order. Writing vague paeans to the "Truly Strong Man," the generation at times seemed headed in the direction of Fascist tyranny. Different as they are, both the esoteric fantasies and the vague paeans reveal that the Auden generation lacked a coherent ideology or workable program of their own.

In mid-decade, the generation entered an international phase, when writers became aware of the growing presence of Communism and Fascism on the Continent. These ideological extremes at first seemed to offer an alternative to England's malaise and inaction, and a few writers made tentative allegiances. Most, however, were quickly appalled by the sanctioning of bloody violence and the prospect of a world in which artists were the playthings of the state. Dissatisfied with their own ineffectual liberalism, yet unwilling to accept either Fascism or Communism, these writers expressed their anguish in works characterized by indecision and vacillation. (Contemporary readers of Graham Greene's *It's a Battlefield* or Auden and Isherwood's *The Dog beneath the Skin* complained that they weren't sure which side the authors were on.) When Fascism eventually emerged as a clear and danger-

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ous threat, the Auden generation came of age in a hush of disillusionment. Unable to respond to Fascism's barbaric assertion of sheer force, they exited from the decade with apocalyptic rumblings about the future and nostalgic longings for the past.

It is a bleak picture, but Hynes faithfully reflects the light in which the writers of the Auden generation appeared to their contemporaries. In times of crisis, society angrily and desperately demands answers, and the writers of the Auden generation were seen as failures because they had none. Hynes notes in his summary: "Their efforts to make literature a mode of action failed, and their writing shared in that failure." From a vantage of more than thirty years, it seems ridiculous to expect from novelists and poets something that statesmen and politicians were unable to provide. But it did not appear ridiculous to the literary world of the Thirties. Not only radical student publications and avowed Marxist ones, but even literary journals such as *Twentieth Century*, *The Spectator*, and the *Times Literary Supplement* hectored artists for clear recommendations and immediate action.

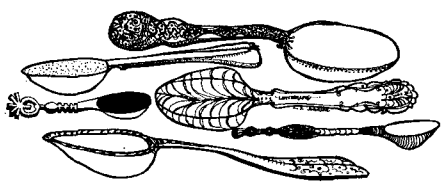
THE INSISTENT DEMAND for guidance and answers put the Thirties writer in an impossible dilemma. Were he politically engaged, he would sacrifice the independence and, more importantly, the complexity of his work to the service of propaganda. But were he politically independent or indeterminate, then reviewers would howl that he had shirked his proper task.

The dilemma of the artist in a time of crisis was nothing new; in fact, it had been resolved twenty years earlier, by the poets of the First World War. When Wilfred Owen wrote in the preface to his poems that "The Poetry is in the pity," he successfully defined the authentic and permanent subject of crisis art. The poetry is not in the trenches, the shells, the lice, the refinements of military strategy, or the dismembered and bloated cadavers, but in the *pity*—the human response of horror, confusion, despair, and occasionally of heroism and dignity. Where the battle occurs, even which side he is on, holds little interest for a writer. The universal human subject is his concern, not the particular historical setting.

Many writers of the Thirties followed in the purposely apolitical tradition of the war poets, but Hynes, because of his concept of objectivity, is unable to see this. His scholarly assumption is that a period should be allowed to speak for itself, without modern interruptions. Thus, there is not a single reference to recent scholarship in *The Auden Generation*. Instead Hynes permits essayists and reviewers from the period to speak for him. Objectivity, however, does not forbid interruptions, it demands them. The best writers of the Thirties rejected the priestly robes of prophet and seer that their desperate contemporaries had laid upon them. This is nowhere more apparent than in the work of W. H. Auden. But Hynes cannot see this rejection because he is unwilling to separate himself from the expectations, however unreasonable, of the period.

If Hynes is correct in assuming that a direct response to contemporary events is the hallmark of English writers in the Thirties, then "the Auden generation" is a grand misnomer. Auden deliberately and repeatedly placed contemporary events outside the confines of his poetry: beyond the wall of "A Summer Night," across the mirroring sea of "On This Island," outside the privileged enclave of "Lullaby." His greatest poem about a contemporary event, "Spain 1937," could describe almost any place, any time, or any struggle in the twentieth century. As in the war poetry of Wilfred Owen, Auden's permanent subject is the human response to events, not events themselves. The same could be said for the best of Spender, Isherwood, Orwell, and Greene.

The Auden Generation is nonetheless a superb account of the writer's dilemma in times of crisis. If Hynes tends to side with the readers rather than the writers of the Thirties, it is because he has the highly defensible bias of a literary historian. As a portrait of its age, *The Auden Generation* is a clear, thorough, and important book that merits serious attention. □



Elizabeth Bowen
By Victoria Glendenning
Knopf, 331 pp., $12.50

VISSI D'ARTE

RENE KUHN BRYANT

If it is true that, autobiographies apart, most writers get the biographers they deserve, then having drawn Victoria Glendenning speaks awfully well for Elizabeth Bowen. In a strongly sympathetic, but in no sense indulgent, examination of Miss Bowen's life and its antiphony with her work, Miss Glendenning has set a superlative standard.

To some, Elizabeth Bowen might seem one of the lesser luminaries among the many that blazed across literary England in the first half of the twentieth century, and a full-scale critical biography of her so shortly after her death (in 1973, at the age of 74), an exaggeration of her importance. Victoria Glendenning argues to the contrary—and almost persuades us—throughout this tactful, tasteful, discriminating, and witty book. Unequivocally she defends Elizabeth Bowen's right to be regarded as a major writer: "She is to be spoken of in the same breath as Virginia Woolf, on whom much more breath has been expended. She shares much of Virginia Woolf's perception and sensibility: but Elizabeth Bowen's perception and sensibility are more incisive, less confined, more at home in the world as well as in worlds elsewhere."

THERE IS another note, too, that echoes and resounds throughout the book: Elizabeth Bowen "was also Anglo-Irish. This is of significance in the history of European literature, as when she died the Anglo-Irish literary tradition died with her. . . . She lived between Ireland and England all her life. . . . She belonged to the old untenable Protestant Ascendancy, and her perceptions were formed in an Irish country house built by her ancestors; she was reared in a precarious world in which grace, charm, courtesy, and respect for tradition were valued. She never reneged on these personal values."

Whether Miss Glendenning is correct

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in her estimate of Elizabeth Bowen's "significance in the history of European literature" is almost irrelevant; what matters is that her book is so engaging. Thoughtful, provocative, and admirably concentrated, it is literary criticism, as well as biography, of the best sort.

Elizabeth Bowen's life, taken as it came, was not deeply dramatic. True, tragedy dominated some of its early chapters—her father suffered periodic bouts of insanity; her mother, to whom she was extremely close, died of cancer when Elizabeth was 13 and poised at the brink of adolescence. Nevertheless, by and large, she lived the life she chose, which proved to be successful, satisfying, and rich in friendship, travel, and accomplishment. Her marriage to Alan Cameron, a dull but devoted professional civil servant, gave her a base first in Oxford, later in London, and finally at Bowen's Court, her family's handsome seventeenth century manor house near Cork. And, wherever they lived, their marriage (childless, as it turned out) supplied a framework of order and routine that enabled her to concentrate steadily on her writing.

She had a gift for making friends and keeping them, and, like most Irish, a talent for talk. Hospitable, gregarious, and generous, she drew to her a remarkable assortment of remarkable people. Rose Macaulay, Rosamond Lehmann, the Canadian diplomat Charles Ritchie, William Plomer, Virginia Woolf, Edward Sackville-West, Sean O'Faolain, Veronica Wedgwood were numbered among her closest friends through decades of her life, and there were myriad others, less famous but no less cherished.

But the stuff of drama in Elizabeth Bowen's life was largely interior; when it did emerge, it was only in her fiction, disguised and camouflaged—a discouraging state of affairs for a biographer. However, Victoria Glendenning's narrative powers are clear and strong, her sense of the essential detail sharp, and her analytical insight piercingly direct. Using these skills, she has been able to weave seamlessly back and forth between Elizabeth Bowen's literary life and her real life in such a way as to fashion a portrait so compelling one cannot take one's eyes from it. And Miss Glendenning's style glitters with wit and shimmers with the same sensibility she so much admires in her subject.

Elizabeth Bowen lived the life; Victoria Glendenning has made it a work of art. □

Natural Shocks
By Richard Stern
Coward, McCann, 260 pp., $8.95

INDIRECT IMPRESSION

PAUL LUKACS

Fred Wursup, the protagonist of Richard Stern's new novel, is a journalist. Something of a celebrity, the author of a best-seller titled *Down the American Drain*, he is perceptive, intelligent, serious about his work—and his life is falling apart. One parent is senile; the other lives in a nursing home and cannot even recognize him. His two children are leaving; his wife has already left. Even his work seems shallow, trite, empty. He has, he thinks, become insensitive, removed; the journalist's necessary distance has made too much seem artificial and unnecessary. As the novel opens, Wursup is standing atop his New York apartment building, peering through binoculars at his former wife in her apartment across the street. It is a symbol, of course, like so much in the novel, but it carries a beautiful kind of irony. "I'm sick of it all," he says. "I can't even see straight."

At one point Wursup likens himself to Lambert Strether, "the Henry James hero who wouldn't let himself profit from his mission. There was charming Maria Gostrey ready to cheer his awakened heart, but Strether backed off in a cloud of scruples." *Natural Shocks* is about one man's movement through a personal wasteland. Wursup, caught between the poles of his professional and his private life, attempts to fuse the two. In the process, his heart is indeed awakened—but to what?

Assigned to do an article on death ("the new topic," says his editor; "irresistible"), Wursup meets Cicia Buell, a 22-year-old who is dying of cancer. He knows her briefly, half loves her, and then grieves for her. She represents a sense of life which is wholly divorced from the "Gospel of News," a presence which produces "a kind of pressure, a warmth, an intensity which, strangely, foolishly, [is] amorous." Yet it remains representative, essentially symbolic, and the novel deals to a large extent with the difficulty of choice: "the closer he got to Cicia, the better material he'd get; the more material he got, the closer he felt to her, the less willing to use it." Wursup's dilemma is clear: does his allegiance lie with his heart or with his job—and does the one allegiance necessarily exclude the other?

It is, suggests Stern, Wursup's profession rather than his character or specific situation that has caused the problem. After meeting with an old friend who is in some kind of political trouble which Wursup will try to rescue him from by writing an article, Wursup thinks: "The exchange had gone one way, there was an imbalance; the intimacies would be converted into publicity, benevolently but beyond recall. All but the hardest or deepest people would find that unbearable." It *is* unbearable, but the problem is that, because the narrative perception is not sufficiently separated from Wursup's, we never see him as a journalist. In one sense this is precisely Stern's point—the two realms cannot be separated; Wursup as journalist and Wursup as man are one. Yet in a novel that consistently emphasizes the impossibility of making such distinctions, Stern treats journalism (itself the product and profession of living men) as some dehumanized, cancer-like monster.

"A novel," wrote Henry James, "is a living thing, a direct impression of life." This novel is not; and it is this failing —the substitution of concept for event,

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idea for character—that eventually cripples it. With the notable exception of Wursup and Cicia, Stern's characters are formless; they are specimens of life, examples of humanity, but they are not characters in a work of fiction. Instead of giving us "a direct impression of life," Stern gives us a complex allegory. Ostensibly the novel is about Wursup's pilgrimage toward self-discovery; in truth it is about Stern's one dominant *idea*—namely, man's relationship with death and with his self. When Stern concentrates on his protagonist's development, his sense of language becomes precise and the rhythm of his prose is nothing short of masterly. Yet the novel is filled with subplot after subplot, subcharacter after subcharacter—each of which is subordinated to the allegory, the idea. The scenes with Wursup and Cicia are both powerful and poignant, and Stern inexplicably shies away from them.

Stern, who teaches English at the University of Chicago, has much in common with a more famous Chicago novelist, Saul Bellow. Like Bellow he has a fine ear and a subtle, vicious wit. When he concentrates on his characters and not on the idea that they are supposed to represent, his prose is able to transcend the purely personal. This is to say that when his principal concerns are those of the novelist and not those of the philosopher he is successful, but when they are not (as is unfortunately so often the case), he is not. □

TELEVISION

PRIME-TIME GENOCIDE

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

As with last year's *Roots*, some of the criticism of *Holocaust* smacks of a certain proprietary interest in ethnic oppression. *Holocaust*, one keeps hearing, is inadequate to what it depicts. Elie Wiesel, for instance, complains that the show "trivializes" the mass murder of Europe's Jews, "transforms an ontological event into soap-opera." He proceeds to say that "the Holocaust is unique, not just another event. . . . Whether culmination or aberration of history, the Holocaust transcends history. . . . [It is] the ultimate event, the ultimate mystery, never to be comprehended or transmitted." Not only this dramatization, but by implication *any* dramatization—even one by a Sophocles—would necessarily be false to it.

THE ULTIMATE EVENT? Unique? Surely he overstates what can hardly be overstated: superlatives of horror baffle the mind as much as the bare facts. The slaughter of a whole race is so fearful a thing that one must ask what the quality of its peculiar evil is. Tragedy is tragedy; it knows no multiples. If horror lies in mere scale, then each victim suffered only a fraction of a millionth of the evil, and nobody can be said to have suffered anything like the whole. But that is false to what we mean when we speak of the evil of genocide.

On the other hand, we mean more than that the innocent have suffered, or that murder has been bureaucratized. There is a kind of evil involved that even *King Lear* fails to suggest. Most of us have no experience whereby to boost the imagination to a grasp of the Jewish bereavement. I can only suppose that it is the compounding of the murder of members of one's family by the knowledge that the murderer intends not only to kill his actual victims, but even to see to it that nothing like them ever exists again; so that the normal consolation of death—that the life you have known will go on, without you, healthy and resilient, forever renewing itself—is denied. A word as abstract as annihilation gains a hideous and vivid concreteness; is embodied. Evil, a "privation" according to Aquinas, becomes a being.

That is the "ontological event"; but it is also part of every grief, and by no means "unique" to the Holocaust. And how can so vast a rift in Creation as a racial grief be intimated by drama? If I really knew, I'd write a tragedy that would make *Lear* seem like a rickety melodrama. Surely it is rash to attempt it. Some things no human inspiration can communicate, let alone a piece of literal-minded claptrap like *Holocaust*. The consummation of the deepest sexual love could only be obscene if literally portrayed; and the spectacle of dozens of naked actresses marching solemnly into a phony gas chamber is less edifying than distracting. At such moments your attention is forced back on dramatic conventions themselves. These *are* actresses; you *are* seeing through a camera. Never mind the theme! If a nude woman walked into my living room reciting the sublimest lines in Milton, I'm afraid I wouldn't hear a word she was saying; it would hardly help that she was impersonating Eve. The medium overwhelms the message. An ordinarily competent dramatist avoids showdowns with vulgar curiosity, which I take it is why the Greeks would not even simulate death on the stage. No convention is so artificial as realism. It has never yet attained the highest tragedy, because it is too self-conscious to attempt high eloquence; and heaping misfortune on harmless people isn't tragedy. It isn't even very moving.

THE SAME IMPULSE that causes people to brand some things as indecent causes them to resist depicting sacred things. In that sense it is understandable that Wiesel should feel affronted by the comic-strip texture of *Holocaust*, with its warm, noble Jews, its sneering Nazis, its victims marching to doom accompanied by strains of Mozart (for connoisseurs of irony). The banality of evil was matched by the banality of goodness. There would have been more pathos in some little oddity, as in an instance I remember from a World War II film called *The Seventh Cross*: Hume Cronyn played a meek Resistance courier, detected by the Nazis and arrested while riding his bicycle to deliver a message. The arresting officer gestured brusquely for him to get into the car; Cronyn, stunned, confused, hapless in his heroism, stared at the officer and started to shove his bicycle into the car ahead of him, then dropped it in embarrassment. How funny, how moving that little absence of mind was; the kind of minor epiphany that *Holocaust*, in its eagerness to touch all the historical bases from Kristallnacht to Babi Yar, lacked, as it lurched from crude panorama to lachrymose close-ups of family life.

No genocide, unfortunately, is unique, or worse than any other. We all know that it has happened, and presumably will go on happening, recurrently, as long as the weapons of the twentieth century are fired by the ide-

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ologies of the twentieth century. And even the agony of *that* holocaust must have been experienced differently by the assimilated German Jews, who were hardly different from their fellow Germans, than by the ghettoized Eastern Jews, for whom a whole way of life was perishing. It would be hard in any case to convey the sense of a doomed people to Americans, who are no longer people of large solidarities, and who are so secure that we can hardly imagine a collective life so precarious; anything bigger than the nuclear family seems to us a merely fictional entity. The area of the precious and sacred has shrunk drastically. A worthy drama of extinction might well be lost on us. Lacking terms to express that dimension of evil, would we recognize them if we heard them?

Besides, nothing is beyond the cheapening of mediocre art. And it is better that bad art remind us of these evils than no art at all. Most of our shared awareness is vague and flawed, and every memory we keep is partly adulterated by what preserves it. A bad movie about the Holocaust is no worse than a bad movie about anything else —World War II, the Moors Murders —so long as it respects the common decencies, as *Holocaust* did. When we are short on Miltons, we have to depend on doggerel epics. □

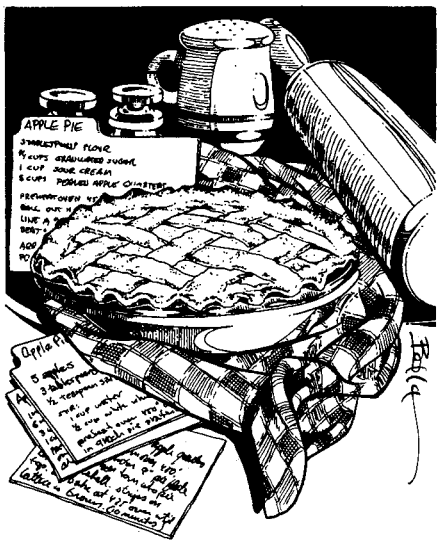
DELECTATIONS

DON'T SHOOT THE COOKBOOK WRITER

NIKA HAZELTON

Since I've written so many cookbooks (more than twenty), people ask me all the time how I do it, where I get the recipes, whether I test them, what I do with the food, and so on. So herewith I bare my soul and working methods. Let me use as illustration the book on American home cooking that I am working on now, for Viking Press.

One of the rewards (apart from earning a living and feeding friends) of having done so many books of one sort is that I don't have to go to the publishers with an idea, they come to me.



This saves me time and is good for my vanity, nowadays known as ego.

So Viking came to me with the idea of an American cookbook, and I had to decide what kind. The Bicentennial spewed forth, among other things, any number of American cookbooks, some good; some bad, with historical texts aimed at those who would go watch Paul Revere's Ride recreated. Of course there are already many American cookbooks, among which some good ones are James Beard's *American Cookery*, the Time-Life *American Cooking* series, the older *American Heritage Cookbook*, the even older *How America Eats* by the late Clementine Paddleford (the best food writer there ever was in this country), and *America Cooks* by the Browns, a first-class team of food reporters. Then there are innumerable regional cookbooks, ranging from excellent to despicable.

So what's the point of repeating what has been done so well? Thinking it over for a long, long time, the only valid approach I could see was to gather together the dishes that people used to cook at home and are nostalgic for. My recipes call for making them from scratch, because I don't like pre-packaged convenience foods, canned foods —with the exception of tomatoes, chilis, and pineapple—gunked-up frozen vegetables, or made dishes. (My publishers wanted an opinionated book.)

Two years ago—and as a matter of fact long before that, because I've always liked American recipes very much and collected them for a husband who, when it comes to the moment of truth, doesn't really like anything else, except pasta—I started cooking American for recipe testing. This is not at all the same thing as *cooking*, because you've got to keep track of, and write down, every move; and, what's more, make things over and over again if they don't come out right. (My helper Nona Clarke and I made dozens upon dozens of biscuits, doughnuts, and beaten biscuits before we were satisfied with them.)

I examined what must be thousands of recipes, old and new, went to the Library of Congress to look at their old books, pestered everybody I knew for recipes, tried to find the origin of dishes—in short, researched like mad, cooking all the while. (At this point, and I'm not finished yet, I would like to steal away to a lonely tent and live on a handful of dates.) Most American recipes are standard, or very nearly so. What one has to do is come up with an individual and improved version of a staple such as apple pie, or make sure one has worked out the best possible version of corn bread or clam chowder. And this can only be done by cooking.

WHAT TO DO with all the food I cook up? Whenever possible, I invite people in to eat it, explaining to them that they're testers and must tell me what they think. This is what I do with roasts, stuffed fish, or the like. Else we eat the food ourselves, or give it to the neighbors, especially cakes, casserole dishes—whatever is too much for two people. I assure you that testing is hideously expensive, given current food prices, and that the publisher does not pay expenses; the money comes out of my own advance, on this or any other book. But there is simply no other way. Recipes that haven't been worked out to the best of their author's ability are a fraud—faulty merchandise, which can't be taken back like a toaster or a dress. Admittedly, in every cookbook, even those by the most illustrious authors, there are mistakes—sometimes the author's, sometimes the printer's. But at least the author must feel that he has done his very best to be accurate. It is also important not to let one's own culinary tastes prevail overmuch. Obviously any cookbook, even a standard one, reflects the author's taste in the very choice of recipes. But the author must test and include dishes that

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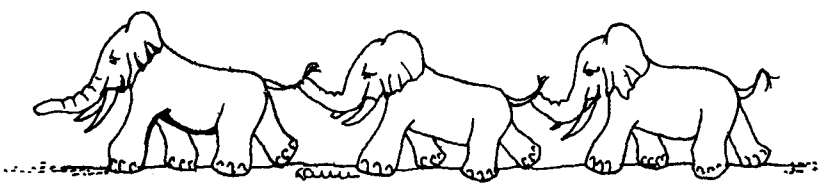
he wouldn't cook for himself. I, for one, would never stuff a fish or make a sweet-potato pudding for my own table.

I find it interesting that American food is basically English–Northern European, with some more exotic dishes thrown in. (I am not talking of the food prepared by sophisticated cooks, but of what is known as American home cooking.) Some foreign foods have been assimilated and changed in the process; Italians in Italy don't eat spaghetti with meatballs, Chinese in China don't eat chop suey, and Mexicans in Mexico don't eat chili as we know it. Nor have even these foreign foods become an integral part of American cookery. The American diet has become much lighter over the years, with fewer starches and fats and more vegetables and herbs. It has also become very standardized, what with national brands distributed throughout the country in similar supermarkets, and recipes offered in the national magazines. Food has also become a matter of class: working-class people don't go in for carefully-cooked-from-scratch dishes in decorator kitchens, and food hasn't become a *kulturny* obsession for them as for the so-called better classes —and, might I say, thank God for that.

Kulturny or not, the national American taste has always been mainly for soft, sweet foods—chowders, pies, quick breads, overdone vegetables, and endless cakes—childish foods that offer easy gratification. American seasoning is bland, too, especially in many old dishes like fricassees, which are as unpalatable to us today as are their Elizabethan equivalents. I always have to jazz up the seasonings in such dishes. (Of course, years ago food could afford to be underseasoned because the basic ingredients were fresh and flavorful in a way almost unknown to us; this is most evident in the case of chickens and hams.) But despite all of this, American food is much more varied than European food. Italians don't want anything but Italian food; the same goes for the French or Swedes. But in America, women want to cook a variety of foods, and men want to eat them. Our supermarkets and specialty stores, with foods from literally all over the world, are the wonder of European visitors. More than one has assured me that nothing is a more convincing sign of our national might than a great American supermarket. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

INDIA: A WOUNDED CIVILIZATION, *by V. S. Naipaul (Knopf, 191 pp., $7.95).* To the Westerner, perhaps the most insistent fact about India is its foreignness. We have not, of course, been without guides to India (as a recent book by G. K. Das points out, E. M. Forster, in particular, was startlingly accurate in his perceptions). However, V. S. Naipaul is especially well situated to mediate between the Indian and the Westerner: he was born and raised in the Indian community in Trinidad, a community that is itself a fusion of East and West. Naipaul writes of Hindu India as a civilization wounded by conquest (not, of course, solely, or even primarily, the British conquest—which only goes back some two centuries—but the series of Moslem conquests over the preceding millennium). It became brittle, lost its intellectual vigor, so that now, when its leaders have decided that it should enter the twentieth century, the result is a tragic muddle. If Hindu India had remained strong and vital, it would have retained all its cruelties—the rigid caste system, the Untouchable status, the total poverty—but retained with them the philosophy of self-negation that makes them bearable. (Here, by the way, is the profound gulf between the Hindu and the Western ascetic: the Westerner might say that suffering purifies the soul; he would not say that it doesn't *matter* whether one starves or prospers.) On the other hand, India could have made a new and freer life for her people—though at the expense of much of her ancient culture. Instead, she has the cruelties still, but without the counterbalancing security. Meanwhile, Western technology has been borrowed wholesale, and native "intermediate technology" has been encouraged; the result is black humor. Here is a snippet of Naipaul's tour through the National Institute of Design: "[The student's] alternative design . . . was a pair of reaping shoes. At the front of the left shoe was a narrow cutting blade; on the right side of the right shoe was a longer curved blade. So the peasant, advancing through his ripe corn, would kick with his left foot and cut, while with his right he would describe a wide arc and cut: a harvest dance. Which, I felt, explained the otherwise mysterious presence of a wheelchair in the show room downstairs . . ." The primary task of *India: A Wounded Civilization*—which it entirely fulfills—is to give the Western reader a compassionate sense of what is going on there. But what a pity that India's current governors are not likely to read it too.

LINDA BRIDGES

THE KNOX BROTHERS, *by Penelope Fitzgerald (Coward, McCann, 294 pp., $10.95).* Many Americans remember who Ronald Knox was: writer of numerous books sacred and satirical (sometimes both together, and, on occasion, howlingly funny as well)—even several finely tuned detective novels—all in a prose style considered by many to be the finest of his generation. He was an Anglican-to-Catholic convert (to some he seemed the Newman of his century), who single-handedly translated the Vulgate Bible into what he hoped would be "timeless" English in a mere nine years. Few on this side of the Atlantic knew much, if anything, about his three brothers; but the quartet was widely known in Britain, as was their father, Bishop Knox, a Victorian character. This book is by the daughter of the eldest brother, Edmund, the "Evoe" of *Punch*, which he edited for many years. Dillwyn was a renowned scholar who also cracked vital German codes in both World Wars; Wilfred, an Anglo-Catholic priest, was also a writer and a reformer of sorts. The Knoxes add up to a remarkable lot, taken individually or together. For those who like this kind of thing (well-written, low-keyed, the lives expertly intertwined, the anecdotes memorable and often amusing), this is a book you'll thoroughly enjoy—old port that only the Engish seem able to decant. The ambiance is wonderful: everybody involved is deep "into" truth, learning, disputation, wit, and all the other things that made those times what ours are not. Everybody knew everybody else worth knowing, of course, so that a lot of other people you know pop in and out of the brothers' tale (Chesterton, Waugh, Harold Macmillan, etc.), and even old Belloc makes a cameo appearance (complaining about the poor wine). This reviewer is tempted to say, as he often says about *NR*, "Don't miss it!"

J. P. MCFADDEN

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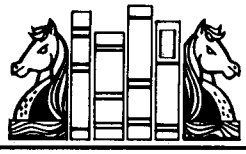

M. STANTON EVANS

ONE OF THE toughest things to figure out in current discussions of exotic energy systems and the ice-cream-soft technologies of the future is how much, exactly, these pleasant-sounding supplies of energy are going to cost us. You can read your Amory Lovins or Denis Hayes till you're blue in the face, and not come up with any definite numbers. It is all quite vague and hypothetical, couched in language better contrived to obscure the cost of converting America to fumaroles and sunbeams than to explain it.

A reason for this obscurity emerges from a couple of recent monographs suggesting that the price of opting for solar power à la Lovins and relying on coal as a transitional measure would be colossal. The cost of simply switching to coal, for instance, is estimated by Professors Hossein Askari and George Kozmetsky of the University of Texas in *Evaluation of the Conversion of U.S. Industry and the National Energy Plan* (Institute for Constructive Capitalism, Austin, Tex. 78712; free). These authors conclude that full conversion from gas and oil to coal would involve replacing machinery, buildings, and energy circuits worth $220 billion—which doesn't count some $50 billion or so in related environmental costs and other billions in annual operating costs. This is not to disparage the value of our coal reserves, but merely to suggest that one does not transpose technologies at this level without having to pay an enormous price.

Use of coal involves, of course, employment of a known technology. To switch the nation's industrial plant to *solar* energy would obviously be even more expensive, although the data here are so vague and futuristic that we can only speculate concerning them. Some sobering estimates are provided in *Soft vs. Hard Energy Paths* (Charles Yulish Associates, 229 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011; $5), a collection of essays from authorities in the field of energy commenting, none too kindly, on the soft-technology ideas of Lovins. Among the contributors are Dr. Ralph Lapp, former Labor Secretary Peter Brennan, solar expert Sheldon Butt, Dr. Ian Forbes, J. A. L. Robertson of Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd., and several others.

One of the more instructive essays in this volume is authored by Daniel W. Kane of the Council for Energy Independence, who estimates that solar heating panels for 64 million American households would cost at least $364 billion, and that Lovins' backup idea of personal windmills for other home energy needs would cost $520 billion more—for a total of $884 billion. This sum, it should be noted, is strictly for domestic households, and does not include the immensely greater cost of trying to power U.S. industry with such outlandish systems. All told, it would appear that trillions of dollars of redundant capital investment will be required to pursue the energy path marked out for us by Lovins and the other Friends of the Earth.

THAT IT DOESN'T have to be this way—and emphatically shouldn't be this way—is argued by Dr. Petr Beckmann of the University of Colorado in *Small Is Beautiful?*, one of a series of pamphlets on the energy question available from the Golem Press (Box 1342, Boulder, Colo. 80306; $2). The irrepressible Beckmann, editor of the monthly newsletter *Access to Energy*, points out in his usual forceful style that Lovins' personalized-energy-source idea is not only incredibly expensive but is also a formula for a gigantic waste of energy—and for the de-industrialization of the United States. What is needed instead of solar pipe dreams, Beckmann contends, is full speed ahead toward the energy promise of peaceful nuclear power. Other, related offerings in this pamphlet series include *Nuclear Proliferation: How to Blunder into It* and *Pages from U.S. Energy History*, both of which are well worth the two-dollar asking price.

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YOUNG
(Continued from page 653)

sian) equivalents, resulting usually in a hopeless mish-mash of unassimilable foreign words and strained native syntax.

In culture, meanwhile, the official line was that the Russian nation was the "elder brother" to all Soviet peoples. That may have been so with regard to some primitive peoples, but for the Georgians, Armenians, and others who were world powers when the Russians were still gathering nuts and berries, the elder brother argument has never been persuasive. Nonetheless, peoples with a particularly rich cultural heritage have been permitted to honor only that portion of it which is in harmony with both the glorification of Russia and the principles of dialectical materialism. Thus all the writings of the great sages and mystics of Soviet Asia—the Kalmyk lamas, for example, and the Bukhara sufis—have been suppressed, and in their place, in the anthologies of Kirghiz, Tadzhik, Uzbek, and Kazakh literature, appear pathetic Asian imitations of Russian socialist realism. The authentic national epics (and all the Soviet peoples have them) have been either suppressed entirely, like the Azerbaidzhani *Dede Korkut*, the Turkmenian *Korkut Ata*, and Kazakh *Koblandy-Batyr*, or excised of all "reactionary" (i.e., anti-Russian) passages, like the Kirghiz epic *Manas*, which was abridged from 465,000 to 45,000 lines. To replace these defective creations of the people, the Soviets have appointed local "folk bards" such as the notorious shepherd poet of Dagestan, Suleiman Stalsky, to sing the local people's praises of the elder brother.

And so it has gone. If in our country we feel such a need for "roots" that we sometimes have to invent them, consider what, say, the Soviet Assyrians must feel on being told that the brightest period in their history began in 1917.

Dominant nationalities will probably always be disliked by those they dominate, but probably no people—except the Germans forty years ago—have ever matched the Russian record. Take the mayor from Gogol's *Inspector General*, teach him some phrases from Marx and Lenin, tell him he has the world's biggest and best nuclear army behind him, and you'll have the kind of Russian that over two hundred Soviet minorities have to say yes to today.

However, specialists in non-Russian Soviet peoples have offered an interesting analysis of the population figures gathered in the latest Soviet census. While the Russians are approaching ZPG, the non-Russian population is growing steadily; and in the Soviet Far East, where anti-Russian feeling is probably strongest, and where the temptation to identify with ethnic cousins in a hostile country—China—is greatest, the growth rate approaches that of Central and South America. If this trend continues, the Russians will be outnumbered by the end of the century.

Based on *kto–kogo* morality, the Soviet plan for world peace has never been anything but a plan for world domination: Russians in the nominative, everybody else in the accusative. But the Russians cannot have it their own way forever, encouraging self-determination for all "oppressed" peoples and ethnic groups abroad, while permitting only praise of the "elder brother" at home. We know from the recent history of our own country that movements for human rights have a way of turning into campaigns for the advancement of all ethnic or social groups.

If the Soviets want to continue giving encouragement to our "oppressed," let them: we can survive. But let's hope that our leaders and our media continue to press for human rights everywhere; and when even half the two hundred Soviet minorities begin to exercise even half the human rights ours do, we'll see whether Andrei Amalrik was prescient in doubting that the USSR could survive until 1984. □

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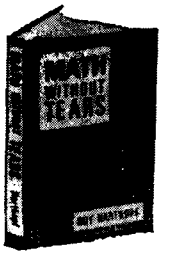

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LYNCH & BROOKHISER
(Continued from page 645)

also promised that the Senate and House Intelligence Committees would receive "the full facts about intelligence programs, including timely notice of all covert operations."

Curiously, while the U.S. intelligence agencies have an abundance of overseers, on Capitol Hill and in the rest of the country, the activities of other intelligence services go largely unmarked. The Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, for example, devoted the bulk of its first annual report to the activities of the CIA and the FBI; it also briefly discussed the operations in the U.S. of the Chilean, Iranian, Taiwanese, and Filipino intelligence services. The report failed to mention, however, the Soviet bloc's intelligence operations in the U.S., compared to which the efforts of Chile et al. are strictly Little League. Last year, Soviet agents were expelled from Norway, Sweden, West Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and Zambia. At the same time, the FBI arrested: a Soviet émigré in New Jersey, on charges of attempting to transmit space program secrets to a KGB agent; two Americans in California, on charges of plotting with a Soviet official in Mexico; and an American and a West German in Florida, on charges of conspiring to smuggle cruise missile components to the USSR.

Since there are reliably reported to be at least one thousand full-time Soviet-bloc spies in the U.S., it is probably safe to assume that a major share of their activities are proceeding free of interference. An aide to a Republican senator recently said he takes it for granted that there is a Soviet presence on Capitol Hill. Given the fact that spies have been discovered inside virtually every major Western government, he says it is naïve to think that they wouldn't make a special effort to penetrate the government of their major adversary—and that they couldn't succeed, especially when the adversary is preoccupied with the fumigation of its own intelligence agencies.

Dangerous in a different way, though equally unnoticed these days, are the anomic madmen of the terrorist underworld. The relation of international terrorism to the Soviet bloc is complicated. Many terrorists get arms or training from Communist countries: Weathermen and Black Panthers used to travel to Cuba; Italy's Red Brigades carry guns from Czechoslovakia. It is difficult, however, to call the terrorists Communists in any meaningful sense. The FALN, the Baader-Meinhof gang, the Japanese Red Army group, have no programs, no coherent ideas, no motives, seemingly, beyond boredom and a kind of fierce pettiness. This is irrelevant to their foreign patrons. Terrorists turn to "Communism" for a semblance of intellectual coherence, and to Communists for infusions of supplies and expertise; Communists, for their part, are quite willing to support terrorists, in order to depress the public spirit of enemy nations. By sapping the FBI, the United States sets itself up as an inviting target. "The real question today," observed J. Wallace LaPrade, "is what we are saying to members of terrorist groups in this country and throughout the world."

Judging from its behavior, Washington seems to find LaPrade's observation irrelevant—as irrelevant, in its own way, as Bernardine Dohrn's outdated ravings. May Washington reconsider the warning, before America is forced to reconsider the threat. □

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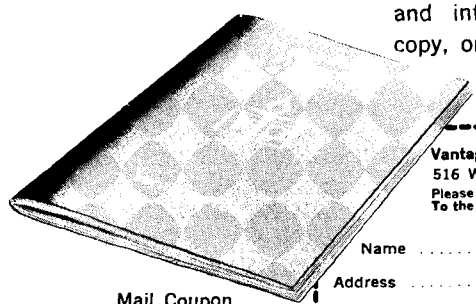

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On The Right

New York, May 5—It is harder, in the sweetness of one's own liberty and security, to urge nobility of action in others than to keep silent on the matter; but it must be said, the more urgently because the Pope, addressing himself repeatedly to the fate of Aldo Moro, has thus far failed to say it. Failed to say that Aldo Moro must prepare himself to die like a Christian, even as he sought to live as a Christian.

Mr. Moro has been permitted by his bloody kidnappers to write regularly to officials of the Italian government. Over and over again, Moro reassures the addressee that he writes what is on his own mind, free of duress, or drugs, or coercion of any kind. "I am saying these things in full lucidity and without coercion on my person," were the exact words used to Benigno Zaccagnini, secretary general of the Christian Democratic Party. What Moro is urging on the government of Italy is that it understand the situation as it would understand a situation at time of war. He asks for "the exchange of some prisoners of war . . . as is being practiced in highly civilized countries . . . where exchanges are carried out not only for objective humanitarian reasons, but for saving innocent human life. Why another standard in Italy?"

And Mr. Moro nowhere suggests that he will suffer contradictory analysis. Indeed, he is not merely un-Christian but anti-Christian in his bitterness. "I will not absolve and justify anybody. No political or moral reason can induce me to do so." And, again to Mr. Zaccagnini, he takes his morbidity to the full measure. "I request that neither the authorities of the state nor the men of the party attend my funeral." Is he seized by an all-encompassing bitterness? Apparently not, as on April 28, addressing the entire Christian Democratic Party leadership, he wrote, "I die—if that's what my party decides—in the fullness of my Christian faith and in the immense love of an exemplary family that I worship and over whom I hope to watch from high in heaven." He is prepared to die, because there is no alternative. But he is not prepared to forgive those who permit him to die out of a dogmatic refusal to engage in "a serious and balanced negotiation for the exchange of political prisoners."

There are two possibilities. One is that Aldo Moro is in fact under the influence of drugs, or perhaps that he is being tortured to write what he writes. But serious analysts, men familiar with Moro, with his style of writing and his handwriting, are saying that by all the external evidence, he is indeed writing what is on his mind.

It remains possible, however, that even though such are the appearances, he is impelled by chemical or other forces to write thus ignominiously. Because that is, really, what one is required objectively to say about his entreaties.

Aldo Moro must know, as everyone knows, that Italy is not engaged in a conventional war in which Moro is merely one prisoner of war, and the 13 terrorists being tried in Turin are other prisoners of war. The situation is entirely different, as students of elementary political relations, let alone leaders of the Christian Democratic Party, can instantly recognize. Aldo Moro is as much a prisoner of war as Patty Hearst was. And to treat the Red Brigades as the representatives of a foreign power engaging in warfare according to the rules of the Geneva Convention is the equivalent of treating the Symbionese Liberation Army as the equivalent of the Wehrmacht. Moro's analysis is so puerile as to border on idiocy, and it is an idiocy unbecoming to a statesman, and a Christian.

Pope Paul does well to appeal to the better nature of the Red Brigades. He is committed to the divine proposition that there is a better side to every man's nature, even—we must for reasons of doctrine assume—a better side to the nature of men who killed five other men in cold blood in order to effect the kidnapping of Aldo Moro. But the Pope also recognizes that, although it is one's duty to forgive, it is also one's duty to attempt—to the extent the flesh is willing—to die like a Christian.

The duty of the Italian government is not to loose on an innocent people 13 men committed to a career of killing and mutilating fellow Italians. The complementary duty of Aldo Moro is to understand the reasoning of statesmanship and attempt to abide stoically by it. The Pope should take the next opportunity to appeal to the Red Brigades, but then, addressing Aldo Moro, to tell him that if it is the will of God, he must face death, as so many others have done; and that his prayers should be addressed to finding the fortitude to die bravely, trusting that his martyrdom will rally his disorganized race to rededicate themselves to the creation of a better society in which the evildoers of this world will be expeditiously contained, that the innocent might live more securely, ennobled by the example of their leaders. □

REPUBLICAN COMEBACK? *New York*, May 1—The Republican Party appears to be showing signs of life. Whether this argues longevity, or merely a remission, is on many people's minds.

For one thing, there is . . . Carter. The disappointment is very nearly universal. Richard Reeves remarked a few years ago that there is one thing the American people will not tolerate in a presidential aspirant, and that is incompetence. That observation, so very keen, does not automatically dispose of the problem of Jimmy Carter, because he is not a presidential aspirant but a President.

Mr. Carter's handling of the neutron bomb issue, assuming a candidate disposed of such powers, would probably prove disqualifying. In the case of Carter, it diminishes confidence, but not mortally: there is a tendency to assume that anyone who achieves the Presidency is *eo ipso* competent. No doubt Republicans will profit from presidential maladroitness, but not necessarily to the extent of recapturing the White House.

Meanwhile the focus is on 1978, and the word is that the candidates filing for Republican nominations are a

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quantum jump improvement over the candidates in 1974 and 1976, demoralized by Watergate and its aftermath. There is a new confidence, issuing in part from Carter's unpopularity; but also from a spirit of inventiveness.

Congressman Philip Crane has been to Youngstown, Ohio to talk to leaders of the labor unions there, perhaps the first recognition in our time, by a prominent Republican, of the existence of labor unions. Congressman Jack Kemp of New York persists in pushing the most outrageous, exhilarating, seductive tax proposals since Henry George. William Simon's new book, *A Time for Truth*, recalls Republican homilies but does so in such a fresh light as to cause a genuine excitement in early readers.

But even if the Republicans do well in the congressional elections, a question of considerable significance remains unanswered. It is this: In which direction will the people turn if in 1979 we suffer a grave recession?

Exactly that is predicted by, for instance, Ronald Reagan. Already there are the awful harbingers of a renewed and vicious inflation that would bring unemployment and industrial listlessness. Traditionally, exasperation with the economy has brought favor for the Left. This attitude traces to Roosevelt's New Deal, during which the idea was firmly established that only Democrats had the heart to care, and the mind to cope. But today, scholarship recognizes the obvious, namely, that when all is said and done, President Roosevelt really didn't cope very well, unemployment persisting under his ministrations right up until the eve of the war. Modern economic scholarship also recognizes that many of the nostrums of economic progressivism worsen the situation rather than alleviate it.

This knowledge has filtered down beyond the academy, but not necessarily as far as, say, the union members in Youngstown, Ohio.

THE PRINCIPAL difference between then and now has been remarked by Milton Friedman. For the first time perhaps in American history, the class of Americans that stands to suffer from inflation is greater than the class of Americans that stands to suffer from unemployment. Under existing circumstances, unemployment does not bring Americans to Grapes-of-Wrath poverty. Inflation, on the other hand, wipes out painfully achieved economic progress up and down the line. The question is whether the Republicans can successfully identify themselves as the party of anti-inflation. Although Congress was ultimately responsible, in fact the years under Nixon and Ford were high-inflation years, and the Democrats are likely to make a considerable point of this.

Ronald Reagan counters with the observation that people who suffer from recession and inflation tend to think in terms of punishing the Establishment. The Establishment was traditionally Republican. But now—after years of Democratic ascendancy in Congress, and with a Democratic President of apparently invincible ignorance in economics—the public, reaching for an alternative, is less likely to go to the Democratic Left than to the Republican Right.

The voice you just heard, understand, was Ronald Reagan's, not the author's. My own judgment is that the socialist toxicity is by no means purged. Irving Kristol correctly observes that we live in a paradoxical age, when socialist theory and practice are amply discredited, even as socialist forms continue to flourish.

But it is reassuring that the Republican Party is still alive to make the effort and, who knows, perhaps—along with right reason—it will prevail. □

KISSINGER'S UNNOTICED NOTICE

New York, May 8 —It is spooky to read in the foreign press about something that happened in your own backyard, but even as old England introduced Robert Frost to New England, we have recently been introduced to Henry Kissinger by the foreign press. On April 19, before the International Radio and Television Society in New York, Henry Kissinger delivered, extemporaneously, one of the most important brief statements on foreign policy in recent years.

What is the Russian-dominated Cuban army doing in Africa? In 1975, the Soviet Union dispatched a Cuban division to Angola at a cost of $1 billion. Angola, Mr. Kissinger remarked drily, is about as far from the Soviet Union as it is possible to get, and $1 billion is more than the rest of the world put together was giving to the whole of Africa. Congress did nothing.

Then, a little over two years later, the Soviet Union sent a Cuban division, enlarged, to Ethiopia. "The move into Ethiopia cannot be analyzed in terms of the quarrels between Somalia and Ethiopia," Mr. Kissinger explained. "Nor is the issue primarily, Who crossed the border first? The first thing to notice is that Soviet equipment went first to Somalia, a country that had put forward claims on the territory of all its neighboring states; Soviet equipment was thus guaranteed to be used in an expansionist way. And then, when that equipment was used for the precise purpose that Somalia had always asked for it, the Soviet Union switched and became the defender of the territorial integrity which its own equipment had threatened to begin with."

"The Soviet purpose," Mr. Kissinger concluded gravely, "is geopolitical: to outflank the Middle East, to demonstrate that the U.S. cannot protect its friends. . . . And now we hear that once again we may be facing the threat of Cuban and Soviet intervention in southern Africa."

WHAT ARE WE going to do about Cuba? As recently as a few years ago, Mr. Kissinger reminded us, the notion that a Cuban military would in effect intervene in our global policy was laughable. But it is doing exactly that, and no one—so far as we are aware—has suggested that we do anything about it. What could we do about it? The exact terms of the understanding between President Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev are even to this day unspecified, but it was generally accepted that, in return for the expulsion of aggressive nuclear weapons from Cuba, we would guarantee not to visit the Bay of Pigs. In due course, after the belated execution of Che Guevara, Castro drew back his revolutionary emissaries from Latin America, seeking by that gesture to repatriate himself in the Organization of American States. We went along, short of recognition. But Castro's natural expansionist energy eventually caused him to agree to travel, not to Guatemala and Bolivia, but to Angola and Ethiopia.

And southern Africa?

"I . . . think that it is important," Mr. Kissinger said, in words that should resonate through the chanceries not only of the Communist world, but of the West, "that the Soviet Union understand that another move of the kind we have seen in Angola and Ethiopia will raise the presumption that we are facing a global geopolitical challenge incompatible with any definition of detente. And under those circumstances I do not see how any [arms] agreement could possibly be ratified and how detente could possibly survive. And I hope that *that* [HK's italics] will be made clear to the Soviet Union." So far, the American press has not been conspicuously helpful on the point. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A Canadian-born orchestra leader (1902-1977) — 7 195 18 83 126 64 107 201

B. Enjoying single blessedness — 44 38 1 76 65 85 130 128

C. Hills on the English-Scottish border — 110 2 205 26 181 19 5

D. A Russian painter (1806-1858) — 70 75 15 45 182 20

E. A television comedian and writer (1911-____) — 154 6 79 22 183 77 91 46

F. A Canadian-born television personality — 170 25 173 111 176 185 147 150 187 36

G. An American Congregational clergyman (1703-1758) — 175 17 129 67 137 162 114

H. Struck repeatedly — 50 92 58 149 8 174 27 133

I. The capital of one of these United States — 3 30 32 71 10 16

J. What a singing baseball player's voice might be — 61 191 184 96 167 4 139 151 157 161

K. To put aside for future delivery — 72 136 28 169 208 199 86

L. A radio announcer who specialized in opera broadcasts (1897-1975) — 141 12 51 93 95 106 122 132 172 180 23

M. A title borne by the Prince of Conde's eldest son — 152 68 39 194 47 80 127

N. A musical instrument invented by an American bandmaster and composer — 209 99 146 11 159 119 94 134 143 177

O. A short railroad track — 66 109 69 88 14 24

P. A pronoun — 21 103 115 41 171 196

Q. An Austrian chess expert (1829-1871) — 56 29 9 59 158 48 104

R. An Italian orchestra conductor (1867-1957) — 89 52 108 153 116 202 31 206 142

S. To bar — 97 125 197 53 98

T. A type of turtle — 34 13 49 144 189 40 204 101 105 118

U. A borough in Delaware County, Pa. — 78 42 54 121 135 168 140 112 73

V. The composer of *Swinging on a Star* — 100 55 117 123 113 60 156 138 165

W. A resident of Luzon — 131 33 84 43 124 188

X. An American operatic singer (1904-____) — 120 62 35 81 200 90 148 192 203

Y. To complain bitterly — 164 190 178 207 37 186 198

Z. The island where Calypso lived — 145 166 82 193 179 74

a. A town in Norfolk County, Mass. — 160 63 102 87 155 163 57

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 670 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

■	■	A	1 B	2 C	3 I	4 J	■	5 C	6 E	7 A	8 H	9 Q	10 I	11 N	12 L	13 T	14 O	■	15 D	16 I
17 G	■	18 A	19 C	20 D	21 P	22 E	23 L	■	24 O	25 F	26 C	27 H	■	28 K	29 Q	30 I	■	31 R	32 I	
■	33 W	34 T	35 X	36 F	37 Y	38 B	39 M	■	40 T	41 P	42 U	■	43 W	44 B	45 D	46 E	47 M	48 Q	49 T	
■	50 H	51 L	52 R	53 S	54 U	■	55 V	56 Q	57 a	■	58 H	59 Q	60 V	61 J	■	62 X	63 a	64 A	65 B	
66 O	■	67 G	68 M	69 O	■	70 D	71 I	■	72 K	73 U	74 Z	75 D	76 B	77 E	■	78 U	79 E	80 M	81 X	
82 Z	83 A	84 W	85 B	86 K	■	87 a	88 O	89 R	90 X	91 E	92 H	93 L	■	94 N	95 L	96 J	97 S	■	98 S	
99 N	100V	101T	102a	103P	104Q	■	105T	106L	107A	■	108R	109Q	110C	111F	112U	113V	114G	115P	■	
116R	117V	118T	■	119N	120X	121U	122L	123V	124W	125S	■	126A	127M	128B	■	129G	130B	131W	132L	
133H	134N	135U	■	136K	137G	138V	■	139J	140U	141L	142R	143N	144T	■	145Z	146N	147F	■	148X	
149H	■	150F	151J	152M	■	153R	154E	155a	156V	157J	158Q	■	159N	160a	161J		162G	163a	164Y	
165V	166Z	■	167J	168U	■	169K	170F	171P	■	172L	173F	■	174H	175G	176F	177N	178Y	179Z	180L	
181C	182D	183E	■	184J	185F	■	186Y	187F	188W	■	189T	190Y	191J	192X	193Z	194M	■	195A	196P	
■	197S	198Y	199K	200X	■	201A	202R	■	203X	204T	205C	■	206R	207Y	208K	209N	■	■	■	

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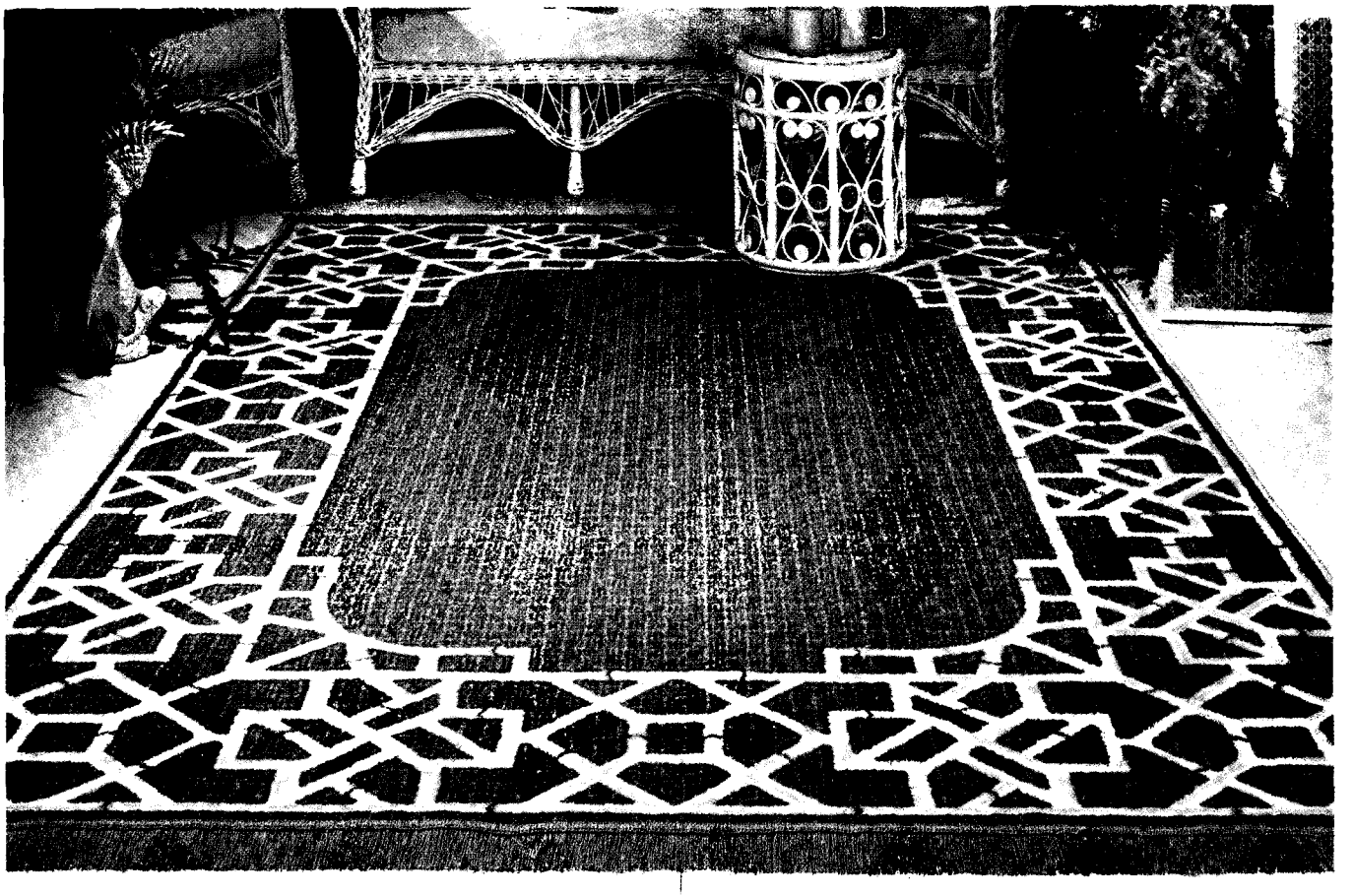

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*Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.

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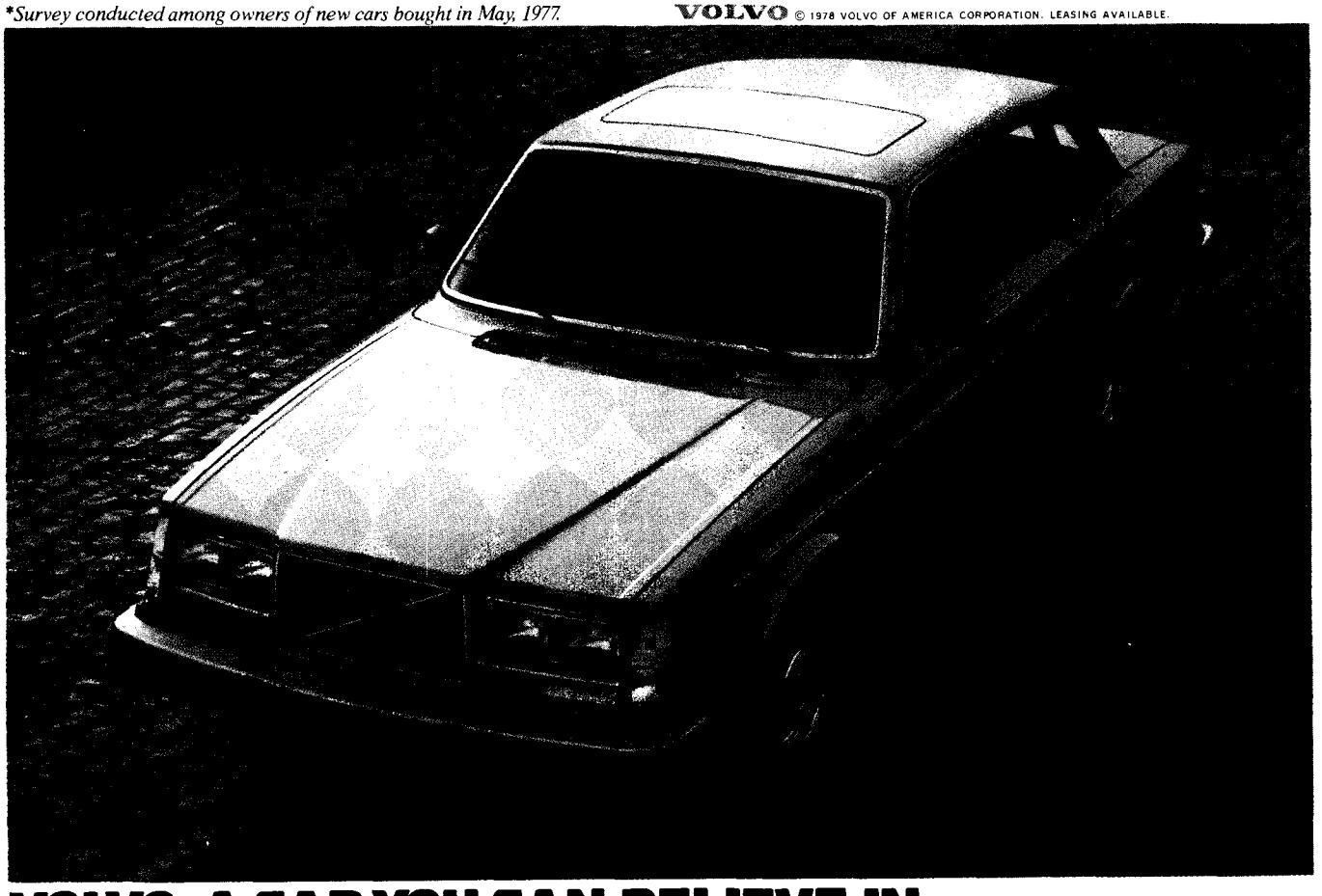

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